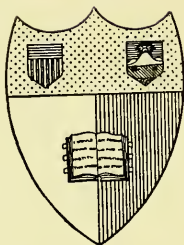




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REMORSE.
A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN IN 1797.
[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1813.]

[*Remorse. A Tragedy. In Five Acts. By S. T. Coleridge.* London: Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane, 1813. Price Three Shillings, pp. xii., 72. Considerably altered in the Second and Third Editions, which appeared in the same year.

Osorio. A Tragedy, as originally written in 1797 by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Now first printed from a copy recently discovered, with the variorum Readings of REMORSE, and a Monograph on the History of the play in its earlier and later form, by the Author of TENNYSONIANA. London: John Pearson, 1873, pp. xxii., 204.]

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.*

THIS Tragedy was written in the summer and autumn of the year 1797, at Nether Stowey, in the county of Somerset. By whose recommendation, and of the manner in which both the Play and the Author were treated by the recommender, let me be permitted to relate that I knew of its having been received only by a third person; that I could procure neither answer nor the manuscript; and that but for an accident I should have had no copy of the work itself. That such treatment would damp a young man's exertions may be easily conceived: there was no need of after-misrepresentation and calumny, as an additional sedative.

* A portion of the Preface prefixed to the play in manuscript, under its original name of *Osorio*, has been preserved, and is here given:—

“In this sketch of a Tragedy, all is imperfect and much obscure. Among other equally great defects (millstones round the slender neck of its merits) it pre-supposes a long story; and this long story, which yet is necessary to the complete understanding of the play, is not half told. Albert had sent a letter informing his family that he should arrive about such a time by ship; he was shipwrecked; and wrote a private letter to *Osorio*, informing him alone of this accident, that he might not shock *Maria*. *Osorio* destroyed the letter and sent assassins to meet Albert Worse than all, the growth of *Osorio's* character is nowhere explained—and yet I had most clear and psychologically accurate ideas of the whole of

* As an amusing anecdote, and in the wish to prepare future Authors, as young as I then was and as ignorant of the world, of the treatment they may meet with, I will add, that the person † who by a twice-conveyed recommendation (in the year 1797) had urged me to write a Tragedy : who on my own objection that I was utterly ignorant of all stage-tactics had promised that he would himself make the necessary alterations, if the piece should be at all representable ; who together with the copy of the play (hastened by his means so as to prevent the full development‡ of the characters) received a letter from the Author to this purport,

it. . . . A man who, from constitutional calmness of appetites is seduced into pride and the love of power, by these into misanthropism, or rather a contempt for mankind ; and from thence, by the coöperation of envy, and a curiously modified love for a beautiful female (which is nowhere developed in the play), into a most atrocious guilt. A man who is in truth a weak man, yet always duping himself into the belief that he has a soul of iron. Such were some of my leading ideas.

“In short, the thing is but an embryo, and whilst it remains in manuscript, which it is destined to do, the critic would judge unjustly who should call it a miscarriage. It furnished me with a most important lesson, namely, that to have conceived strongly, does not always imply the power of successful execution. S. T. C.”—(Printed in Dr. Clement Carlyon’s *Early Years and Late Reflections*, Lond. 1836, p. 143).

* The whole of this paragraph of the Preface was omitted in the later editions.—ED.

† Richard Brinsley Sheridan.—ED.

‡ I need not say to authors, that as to the essentials of a poem, little can be superinduced without dissonance, after the first warmth of conception and composition.

“that conscious of his inexperience, he had cherished no expectations, and should therefore feel no disappointment from the rejection of the play; but that if beyond his hopes Mr.—— found in it any capability of being adapted to the stage, it was delivered to him as if it had been his own manuscript, to add, omit, or alter, as he saw occasion; and that (if it were rejected) the Author would deem himself amply remunerated by the addition to his experience which he should receive, if Mr.—— would point out to him the nature of its unfitness for public representation;”—that this very person returned me no answer, and, spite of repeated applications, retained my manuscript when I was not conscious of any other copy being in existence (my duplicate having been destroyed by an accident); that he suffered this manuscript to wander about the town from his house, so that but ten days ago I saw the song in the third Act printed and set to music, without my name, by Mr. Carnaby, in the year 1802; likewise that the same person asserted (as I have been assured) that the play was rejected, because I would not submit to the alteration of one ludicrous line; and finally in the year 1806 amused and delighted (as who was ever in his company, if I may trust the universal report, without being amused and delighted?) a large company at the house of a highly respectable Member of Parliament, with the ridicule of the Tragedy, as “a fair specimen” of the whole of which he adduced a line :

“Drip! drip! drip! there’s nothing here but dripping.”

In the original copy of the Play, in the first Scene of the fourth Act, Isidore had commenced his Soliloquy in the Cavern with the words,

“Drip! drip! a ceaseless sound of water-drops,”

as far as I can at present recollect :* for on the possible ludicrous association being pointed out to me, I instantly and thankfully struck out the line. And as to my obstinate tenacity, not only my old acquaintance, but (I dare boldly aver) both the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre, and every actor and actress, whom I have recently met in the Green-room, will repel the accusation, perhaps not without surprise.

I thought it right to record these circumstances ; but I turn gladly and with sincere gratitude to the converse. In the close of last year I was advised to present the Tragedy once more to the Theatre. Accordingly having altered the names, I ventured to address a letter to Mr. Whitbread, requesting information as to whom I was to present my Tragedy. My letter was instantly and most kindly answered, and I have now nothing to tell but a tale of thanks. I should scarce know where to begin, if the goodness of the Manager, Mr. ARNOLD, had not called for my first acknowledgments. Not merely as an acting Play, but as a dramatic Poem, the REMORSE has been importantly and manifoldly benefited by his suggestions. I can with severest truth say, that every hint he gave me was the ground of some improvement. In the next place it is my duty to mention Mr. RAYMOND, the Stage Manager. Had the REMORSE been his own Play—nay, that is saying too little—had I been his

* It now appears that Coleridge's memory or his ingenuousness was somewhat at fault here : for the fourth act of the play in its original shape opened with the following lines :—

“ Drip ! drip ! drip ! drip !—in such a place as this
It has nothing else to do but drip ! drip ! drip !
 I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.”—ED.

brother, or his dearest friend, he could not have felt or exerted himself more zealously.

As the Piece is now acting, it may be thought presumptuous in me to speak of the Actors : * yet how can I abstain, feeling, as I do, Mrs. GLOVER'S powerful assistance, and knowing the circumstances under which she consented to act *Alhadra*? A time will come, when without painfully oppressing her feelings, I may speak of this more fully. To Miss SMITH I have an equal, though different acknowledgment to make, namely, for her acceptance of a character not fully developed, and quite inadequate to her extraordinary powers. She enlivened and supported many passages, which (though not perhaps, wholly uninteresting in the closet) would but for her have hung heavy on the ears of a theatrical audience. And in speaking the Epilogue, a composition which, I fear, my hurry will hardly excuse, she made a sacrifice, which only her established character with all judges of tragic action, could have rendered compatible with her duty to herself. To Mr. DE CAMP'S judgment and full conception of *Isidore*; to Mr. POPE'S accurate representation of the partial, yet honourable Father; to Mr. ELLISTON'S energy in the character of *Alvar*, and who in more than one instance gave it beauties and striking points, which not only delighted but surprised me; and to Mr. RÆ, to whose zeal and unwearied study of his part I am not

* The original caste was as follows :

Marquis Valdez, Mr. Pope; *Don Alvar*, Mr. Elliston; *Don Ordonio*, Mr. Ræ; *Monviedro*, Mr. Powell; *Zulimez*, Mr. Crooke; *Isidore*, Mr. De Camp; *Naomi*, Mr. Wallack; *Donna Teresa*, Miss Smith; *Alhadra*, Mrs. Glover.

less indebted as a man, than to his impassioned realization of *ORDONIO*, as an author;—to these, and to all concerned with the bringing out of the Play, I can address but one word—*THANKS!*—but that word is uttered sincerely! and to persons constantly before the eye of the public, a public acknowledgment becomes appropriate, and a duty.

I defer all answers to the different criticisms on the Piece to an Essay, which I am about to publish immediately, on Dramatic Poetry, relatively to the present state of the Metropolitan Theatres.*

From the necessity of hastening the publication I was obliged to send the manuscript intended for the Stage: which is the sole cause of the number of directions printed in italics.

(1813.)

* This project, like many others announced by Coleridge, was destined never to be executed.—ED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1797.

1813.

VELEZ. . . = MARQUIS VALDEZ *Father to the two brothers, and
Dona TERESA's guardian.*

ALBERT . . = DON ALVAR . . . *The eldest son.*

OSORIO . . = DON ORDONIO . . *The youngest son.*

FRANCESCO = MONVIEDRO . . . *A Dominican and inquisitor.*

MAURICE . = ZULIMEZ *The faithful attendant on
ALVAR.*

FERDINAND = ISIDORE *A Moresco chieftain, ostensibly
a Christian.*

NAOMI . . = NAOMI.

MARIA . . = DONA TERESA . . *An orphan heiress.*

ALHADRA <i>wife of</i> FER- DINAND	}	= ALHADRA <i>Wife of ISIDORE.</i>
---	---	---

Familiars of the Inquisition.

Moors, Servants, &c.

Time—The reign of PHILIP II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.



REMORSE.

ACT I.

* SCENE I.—*The sea-shore on the coast of Granada.*

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a boat-cloak, and*
ZULIMEZ (*a Moresco*), *both as*
just landed.

ZULIMEZ.

No sound, no face of joy to welcome us !

ALVAR.

My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.
Hail, Spain ! Granada, hail ! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers !

ZULIMEZ.

Then claim your rights in it ! O, revered Don Alvar,
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous ! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt !

* This Scene was not in the original play, as written in
1797.—ED.

ALVAR.

Remember, Zulimez ! I am his brother,
Injured indeed ! O deeply injured ! yet
Ordonio's brother.

ZULIMEZ.

Nobly-minded Alvar !
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

ALVAR.

The more behoves it I should rouse within him
Remorse, that I should save him from himself.

ZULIMEZ.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows :
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance ; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison ! *

ALVAR.

And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved ? nor make one effort
To save him ?—Hear me, friend ! I have yet to
tell thee,
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—

ZULIMEZ.

You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,

* This speech of Zulimez stands as a motto on the title-page of the original edition.—ED.

To which a forced oath bound you : if in truth
A suborn'd murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—

ALVAR.

My long captivity
Left me no choice : the very wish too languish'd
With the fond hope that nursed it ; the sick babe
Droop'd at the bosom of its famish'd mother.
But, more than all, Teresa's perfidy :
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood :
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—

ZULIMEZ.

Heavy presumption !

ALVAR.

It weigh'd not with me—Hark ! I will tell thee all ;
As we pass'd by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—

ZULIMEZ.

That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows ?—

ALVAR.

There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone : the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,

Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seem'd a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision ! [*Then with agitation.*

Hadst thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beam'd forth and brighten'd, thou thyself would'st
tell me,

Guilt is a thing impossible in her !
She must be innocent !

ZULIMEZ (*with a sigh*).

Proceed, my lord !

ALVAR.

A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me,
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge ; nor did she desist
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That, save my own, no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have dis-
closed.

ZULIMEZ.

A damning proof !

ALVAR.

My own life wearied me !
And but for the imperative voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.

That voice which quell'd me, calm'd me : and I
sought
The Belgic states ; there join'd the better cause ;
And there too fought as one that courted death !
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance : a long imprisonment follow'd.
The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy ;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplex'd ; and still Teresa,
Night after night, she visited my sleep ;
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me !
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless !
Hear then my fix'd resolve : I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes?—

ZULIMEZ.

All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

ALVAR.

Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

ZULIMEZ.

Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

ALVAR.

Thus disguised.

I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—wife !
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour ; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

ZULIMEZ.

Will they not know you ?

ALVAR.

With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise ; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth ;—since last we saw each other,
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead ;
And what the mind believes impossible
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

ZULIMEZ.

'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I'll seek our mariners ; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpujarras—there where Zagri lived.

ALVAR.

I know it well : it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains— [Both stand listening.
Voices at a distance !
Let us away ! [Exeunt.

* SCENE II.

Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.

TERESA.

I hold Ordonio dear ; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

VALDEZ.

Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

TERESA.

I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord
Valdez ;
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

VALDEZ.

Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee,
I would die smiling. . But these are idle thoughts !
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look with which he gave thee to
me ;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother, with a mute entreaty,
Fix'd her faint eyes on mine. Ah ! not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

* Here the Tragedy, in its original form, commenced.—ED.

TERESA.

There are woes
Ill barter'd for the garishness of joy !
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean ;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea-breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight ! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them ;
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and play'd the self-same tune
He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return !
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft*
Sits on my grave, and gazes at the moon ;
Or haply, in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming ! O my sire !

* And hover round as he at midnight ever—1797.

My Alvar's sire ! if this be wretchedness
 That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
 If in a most assured reality
 He should return, and see a brother's infant
 Smile at him from my arms? Oh what a thought !
 [*Clasping her forehead.*]

VALDEZ.

A thought? even so ! mere thought ! an empty
 thought.*

The very week he promised his return—

TERESA (*abruptly*).

Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
 After those three years' travels ! we had no fears—
 The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
 Almost endear'd his absence ! Yet the gladness,
 The tumult of our joy ! What then if now—†

VALDEZ.

O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
 Spite of conviction ! I am old and heartless !
 Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
 Hectic and unrefresh'd with rest—

*

O what a thought !

'Twas horrible ! it pass'd my brain like lightning.

VELEZ.

'Twere horrible, if but one doubt remain'd, &c.—1797.

† Ah, what a busy joy was ours—to see him
 After his three years' travels ! though that absence
 His still-expected, never-failing letters
 Almost endear'd to me ! Even then what tumult !—*ib.*

TERESA (*with great tenderness*).

My father ! *

VALDEZ.

The sober truth is all too much for me !
I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark in which my son was cap-
tured
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors !

TERESA.

Oh no ! he did not !

VALDEZ.

Captured in sight of land !
From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-
tower
We might have seen—

* The dialogue continues thus in the original draught of the play :

VELEZ.

Ay, 'twas the morning thou didst try to cheer me
With a fond gaiety. My heart was bursting,
And yet I could not tell me how my sleep
Was throng'd with swarthy faces, and I saw
The merchant-ship in which my son was captured—
Well, well, enough—captured in sight of land—
We might almost have seen it from our house-top !

MARIA (*abruptly*).

He did not perish there !

VELEZ (*impatiently*).

Nay, nay,—how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn—my brave Osorio
Saw them both founder in the storm that parted
Him and the pirate : both the vessels founder'd.
Gallant Osorio !

1797.

TERESA.

His capture, not his death.

VALDEZ.

Alas ! how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn ! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
And thus twice snatch'd a brother from his hopes :
Gallant Ordonio ! (*Pauses, then tenderly.*) O be-
loved Teresa,
Wouldst thou best prove thy faith to generous
Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

TERESA.

For mercy's sake
Press me no more ! I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew-damps of the unwholesome
night :
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

VALDEZ.

You wrong him, maiden !
You wrong him, by my soul ! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget

His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

TERESA.

O pardon me, Lord Valdez ! pardon me !
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech ! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born on one day, like twins of the same parent ?
Nursed in one cradle ? Pardon me, my father !
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives—*

VALDEZ (*looking forward*).

Hush ! 'Tis Monviedro.

TERESA.

The Inquisitor ! on what new scent of blood ?

* In the original draught of the play the dialogue continues thus :

VELEZ (*looking forwards*).

Hush—hush ! Maria.

MARIA.

It is Francesco, our Inquisitor ;
That busy man, gross, ignorant, and cruel !

Enter FRANCESCO and ALHADRA.

FRANCESCO (*to VELEZ*).

Where is your son, my Lord ? Oh ! here he comes.

Enter OSORIO.

1797.

Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.

MONVIEDRO (*having first made his obeisance to VALDEZ and TERESA*).

Peace and the truth be with you ! Good my Lord,
My present need is with your son.

[*Looking forward.*

We have hit the time. Here comes he ! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

ORDONIO.

Hail, reverend father ! what may be the business ?

MONVIEDRO.*

My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse

*

FRANCESCO.

O the old business—a Mohammedan !
The officers are in her husband's house,
And would have taken him, but that he mention'd
Your name, asserting that you were his friend,
Ay, and would warrant him a Catholic.
But I know well these children of perdition,
And all their idle falsehoods to gain time ;
So should have made the officers proceed,
But that this woman with most passionate outcries
(Kneeling and holding forth her infants to me),
So work'd upon me, who (you know, my lord !)
Have human frailties, and am tender-hearted,
That I came with her.

OSORIO.

You are merciful.

[*Looking at ALHADRA.*

I would that I could save you, &c.

1797.

To his false creed, so recently abjured,
 The secret servants of the Inquisition
 Have seized her husband, and at my command
 To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
 But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
 As surety for his soundness in the faith.
 Though lesson'd by experience what small trust
 The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
 Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
 Nor less the wish to prove with what high honour
 The holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
 Thus far prevail'd with me that—

ORDONIO.

Reverend father,
 I am much beholden to your high opinion,
 Which so o'erprizes my light services.

(*Then to ALHADRA.*)

I would that I could serve you ; but in truth
 Your face is new to me.*

* Thus continued in the original *Osorio* :—

[ALHADRA *is about to speak, but is interrupted by*

FRANCESCO.

Ay, ay,—I thought so ;
 And so I said to one of the familiars.
 A likely story, said I, that Osorio,
 The gallant nobleman who fought so bravely
 Some four years past against these rebel Moors ;
 Working so hard from out the garden of faith
 To eradicate these weeds detestable ;
 That he should countenance this vile Moresco,
 Nay, be his friend—and warrant him, forsooth !
 Well, well, my lord ! it is a warning to me ;
 Now I return.

MONVIEDRO.

My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord

Valdez,

'Twas little probable that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel !
The warranter of a Moresco's faith !
Now I return.

ALHADRA.

My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts.*)—You may remember it :

Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

MONVIEDRO (*triumphantly*).

Palpably false !

This very week, three years ago, my lord,
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar !—*

[TERESA *looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and horror.* ORDONIO'S *appearance to be collected from what follows.*

What, is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks !

[*To VALDEZ and pointing to ORDONIO.*

* You were at sea and fought the Moorish fiends
Who took and murder'd your poor brother Albert.

VALDEZ (*angrily*).

You press'd upon him too abruptly, father,
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

ORDONIO (*starting as in sudden agitation*).

O heavens !—I doted ?—(*Then as if recovering himself.*) Yes ! I doted on him.

[ORDONIO *walks to the end of the stage*, VALDEZ *follows, soothing him*.

TERESA (*her eye following ORDONIO*).

I do not, cannot love him. Is my heart hard ?
Is my heart hard ? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me ?—Yet I feel it !

MONVIEDRO.

The drops did start and stand upon his forehead !
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho ! attend me, woman !

ALHADRA (*to TERESA*).

O gentle lady ! make the father stay
Until my lord recover. I am sure
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

TERESA.

Stay, father ! stay, my lord will soon recover.

ORDONIO (*as they return, to VALDEZ*).

Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power so to distemper me !

VALDEZ.

Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son !

MONVIEDRO.

My lord, I truly grieve—

ORDONIO.

Tut ! name it not.

A sudden seizure, father ! think not of it.

As to this woman's husband, I do know him.

I know him well, and that he is a Christian.

MONVIEDRO.

I hope, my lord, your merely human pity *

Doth not prevail †—

* your sensibility—1797.

† Here the dialogue thus continues in the original draught of the play :

OSORIO.

Nay, nay, you know me better.

You hear what I have said. But 'tis a trifle.

I had something here of more importance.

[Touching his forehead as if in the act of recollection.

Ha !

The Count Mondejar, our great general,

Writes that the bishop we were talking of

Has sicken'd dangerously.

FRANCESCO.

Even so.

OSORIO.

I must return my answer.

FRANCESCO.

When, my lord ?

OSORIO.

To-morrow morning, and shall not forget

How bright and strong your zeal for the Catholic faith.

ORDONIO.

'Tis certain that he was a catholic ;
What changes may have happen'd in three years,
I cannot say ; but grant me this, good father :
Myself I'll sift him : if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.

MONVIEDRO.

Your zeal, my lord,
 And your late merits in this holy warfare
 Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

ORDONIO.

I will attend you home within an hour.

VALDEZ.

Meantime return with us, and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.

Not till my husband's free ! I may not do it.
I will stay here.

TERESA (*aside*).

Who is this Isidore?

VALDEZ.

Daughter !

FRANCESCO.

You are too kind, my lord ! You overwhelm me.

OSORIO.

Nay, say not so. As for this Ferdinand,
'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic, &c.—1797.

TERESA.

With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea-breeze.*

[*Exeunt VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO, and ORDONIO.*

ALHADRA.

Hah ! there he goes ! a bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse !

[*Then, as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look.*†

You hate him, don't you, lady ?

TERESA. (*perceiving that ALHADRA is conscious
she has spoken imprudently*).

Oh fear not me ! my heart is sad for you.

ALHADRA.

These fell inquisitors ! these sons of blood !
As I came on, his face so madden'd me,
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger
And half unsheathed it—

TERESA.

Be more calm, I pray you.

ALHADRA.

And as he walk'd along the narrow path

* I'll loiter a few minutes, and then join you.—1797.

† Thus in *Osorio* :—

(Alhadra had been betrayed by the warmth of her feelings into an imprudence. She checks herself, yet recollecting MARIA's manner towards Francesco, says in a shy and distrustful manner :)—1797.

Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager ;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the ragged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet !

TERESA.

Hush ! hush, for shame !
Where is your woman's heart ?

ALHADRA.

O gentle lady !
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange. Besides, (*ironically*) I am a
Christian,
And Christians never pardon *—'tis their faith !

TERESA.

Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee !

ALHADRA.

I know that man ; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

TERESA.

What might your crime be ?

ALHADRA.

I was a Moresco ! †

* And they do never pardon—1797.

† Solely my complexion.—*ib.*

They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house ;
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort ! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it ! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cower'd as it enter'd, and at once sank down.*
Oh miserable ! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily : for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remain'd—the dull bell counting,†
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering sun ‡
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers,
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain,
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

TERESA.

O Heaven ! it is too horrible to hear.

ALHADRA.

What was it then to suffer ? 'Tis most right

* It was a toil to breathe it ! I have seen
The gaoler's lamp, the moment that he enter'd,
How the flame sunk at once down to the socket—1797.

† counting the clocks—1797. counting the bell—1813.

‡ the blessed sun—1797-1813.

That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
And whirlwinds fittest scatter pestilence.

TERESA.

You were at length released? *

ALHADRA.

Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
A trance † comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!

TERESA.

But your husband—

ALHADRA.

A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

TERESA.

Alas, poor man!

ALHADRA.

He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance; ‡

* deliver'd—1797.

† A fit—*il.*

‡

He hath a lion's courage,
But is not stern enough for fortitude—*il.*

Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
 He worships Nature in the hill and valley,
 Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all.

*Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in
 Moorish garments.**

TERESA.

Know you that stately Moor?

ALHADRA.

I know him not:

But doubt not † he is some Moresco chieftain,
 Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.‡

TERESA.

The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,
 So near this seat?

* In the original draught of the play, not observing the
 two interlocutors in the previous dialogue, he soliloquizes:—

Three weeks have I been loitering here, nor ever
 Have summon'd up my heart to ask one question,
 Or stop one peasant passing on this way.

† Know you that man?

ALHADRA.

His person, not his name.

I doubt not, &c.—1797.

‡ ALHADRA'S speech continues in the original draught of
 the play:—

A week has scarcely pass'd since first I saw him;
 He has new-roof'd the desolate old cottage
 Where Zagri lived—who dared avow the prophet
 And died like one of the faithful! There he lives,
 And a friend with him.—*ib.*

ALHADRA.

He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to
the back of the stage, near the rocks. TERESA
drops her veil.

ALHADRA.

Gallant Moresco ! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—*

ALVAR.

You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

ALHADRA.

He deems that we are plotting to ensnare him :
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear you speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.†

TERESA.

If aught enforce you to concealment, sir—

ALHADRA.

He trembles strangely.

[ALVAR sinks down, and hides his face in his robe.

* Gallant Moresco ! you are near the castle
Of the Lord Velez, and hard by does dwell
A priest, the creature of the Inquisition.—1797.

† (ALBERT on hearing this, pauses and turns round).—ib.

TERESA.

See, we have disturb'd him.

[approaches nearer to him.

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows
healing.

I pray you, think us friends !

ALVAR (*raising his head*).

Calm, very calm !

'Tis all too tranquil for reality !

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice ! She is no traitress ! *

TERESA.

Let us retire. (*haughtily to ALHADRA.*)*[They advance to the front of the stage.*ALHADRA (*with scorn*).

He is indeed a Christian. †

* The speech thus continues in the original draught of the play :—

It was a dream, a phantom of my sleep,
A lying dream.

[He starts up, and abruptly addresses her.
Maria, you are not wedded ?—1797.

†

ALHADRA.

He is indeed a Christian.

Some stray Sir Knight, that falls in love of a sudden.

MARIA.

What can this mean ? How should he know my name ?

ALVAR (*aside*).

She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment.

Why should my brother's wife wear mourning garments? *

(*To TERESA.*)

Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturb'd you :
I had just started from a frightful dream. †

TERESA.

Dreams tell but of the past, and yet 'tis said,
They prophesy—

ALVAR.

The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.

It seems all shadowy.

ALHADRA.

Here he comes again.

ALVAR (*aside*).

She deems me dead, and yet no mourning garment !

1797.

* Here follows in *Osorio* :—

God of all mercy, make me, make me quiet !

[*To MARIA.*

Your pardon, gentle maid ! *Ec.—ib.*

† Instead of the three next speeches ALHADRA observes, in the original draught of the play :—

These renegado Moors—how soon they learn

The crimes and follies of their Christian tyrants !—*ib.*

TERESA.

Traitress ! (*Then aside.*) What sudden spell o'er-
masters me ?

Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman ?

[TERESA *looks round uneasily, but gradually be-
comes attentive as ALVAR proceeds in the next
speech.*

ALVAR.

I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I lean'd
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me :
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized that trusted friend
Dishonour'd in my absence, soul and body !
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborn'd against my life.*
But by my looks, and most impassion'd words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts ! they made their terms,
And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.

ALHADRA.

You are lost in thought : hear him no more, sweet
lady !

TERESA.

From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,

* And she with him and he with her conspired
To have me murder'd in a wood of the mountains :

And slight things bring on me the idle mood !
Well, sir, what happen'd then ?

ALVAR.

On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stay'd, as though the hour of death were pass'd,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seem'd unreal ! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close ! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seem'd one
havock.

The second flash of lightning show'd a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous :
My soul work'd high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that made me,
Pray'd, that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite !

TERESA (*shuddering*).

A fearful curse !

ALHADRA (*fiercely*).

But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd
them ?

Dreamt you of no revenge ?

ALVAR (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*).

She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands !
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave !
I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts :
For still I loved her !

ALHADRA.

And you dreamt all this ?

TERESA.

My soul is full of visions all as wild !

ALHADRA.

There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales. *

TERESA (*lifts up her veil, and advances to*
ALVAR).

Stranger, farewell ! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,

* In the original draught of the play ALHADRA continues:—
Lady! your servants there seem seeking us.—1797.

Drove you to this your not ungentle wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell !
But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt* TERESA and ALHADRA.]

ALVAR (*alone*).

'Tis strange ! It cannot be ! my Lord Ordonio !
Her Lord Ordonio ! Nay, I will not do it !
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough !
How sad she look'd, and pale ! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy !
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent ?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her ?
But ere she married him, he had stain'd her honour ;
Ah ! there I am hamper'd. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin ? Who should tell it him,
If it were truth ? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie ? all else, I know, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience !
And she referred to me—fondly, methought !
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress ?
Here, where we play'd together in our childhood ?
Here, where we plighted vows ? where her cold
cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feel-
ings

She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be !
'Tis not in nature ! I will die believing,
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more ! live she in peace !
Her husband—ay her husband ! May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart ! Assist me, heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother ! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wild and mountainous country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from ISIDORE'S house.*

ORDONIO.

Here we may stop : your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.

ISIDORE.

Now indeed
My house ! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That over-brows it ! Patron ! friend ! preserver !
* Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me : next rescued me from suicide :
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them :
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.†

ORDONIO.

Good Isidore !
Why this to me ? It is enough, you know it.

* Here the Scene opens in the original draught of the play.

† Had pillow'd my snapt joints.—1797.

ISIDORE.

A common trick of gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart—

ORDONIO.

Enough !

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

ISIDORE.

And how, my lord ? I pray you to name the
thing.

I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied !

ORDONIO (*with embarrassment and hesitation*).

Why—that—Lady—

ISIDORE.

'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you :
Have you a son, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

O miserable !— [*aside*.

Isidore ! you are a man, and know mankind.*
I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth—
She loved the man you kill'd.

ISIDORE (*looking as suddenly alarmed*).

You jest, my lord ?

* And know this world.—1797.

ORDONIO.

And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

ISIDORE.

You sport with me, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

Come, come ! this foolery
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it.

ISIDORE.

I can bear this, and anything more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

ORDONIO.

Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,*
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

ISIDORE.

I am dull, my lord ! I do not comprehend you.

ORDONIO.

In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true ;
Her lover school'd her in some newer nonsense ;
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye :
And such do love the marvellous too well.

* Why you can mouth set speeches solemnly—1797.

Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy*
With a strange music, that she knows not of—
With fumes of frankincense, and mummary,
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

ISIDORE.

Will that be a sure sign?

ORDONIO.

Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitch'd her senses)
She whisper'd such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck
She made him promise silence; and now holds
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stolen unnoticed on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

ISIDORE.

But now I should have cursed the man who told
me
You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
But this I cannot do.

* Such ones do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind her up—1797.

ORDONIO.

Where lies your scruple ? *

ISIDORE (*with stammering*).

Why—why, my lord !

You know you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness ;

That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Return'd, yourself, and she, and the honour of
both

Must perish. Now though with no tenderer
scruples

Than those which being native to the heart,

Than those, my lord, which merely being a man †—

ORDONIO (*aloud, though to express his contempt
he speaks in the third person*).

This fellow is a man—he kill'd for hire

One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples !

(*Then turning to ISIDORE.*

* These two speeches followed here in the original draught
of the play—

FERDINAND.

That shark Francesco.

OSORIO.

Oh ! an o'ersized gudgeon !

I baited, sir, my hook with a painted mitre,

And now I play with him at the end of the line.

Well—and what next ?—1797.

† —yourself, and she, and an unborn babe
Must perish. Now, my Lord ! to be a man !—*ib.*

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—

Pish, fool ! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt.*

Spelling thy villany.

ISIDORE.

My lord—my lord,

I can bear much—yes, very much from you !

But there's a point where sufferance is meanness.

I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—

My gratitude—

ORDONIO.

O ay—your gratitude !

'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it ?

ISIDORE.

Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—

ORDONIO (*with bitter scorn*).

Virtue—

ISIDORE.

Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,

And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.

I knew not 'twas your brother !

ORDONIO (*alarmed*).

And who told you ?

* Thy hums and ha's, thy whine and stammering.

Pish, fool ! thou blunder'st thro' the devil's book—1797.

ISIDORE.

He himself told me.

ORDONIO.

Ha ! you talk'd with him !
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you ?

ISIDORE.

Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.

ORDONIO (*in a low voice*).

My brother—

ISIDORE.

Yes, my lord, I could not tell you !
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild,
But listen to me now—I pray you listen—

ORDONIO.

Villain ! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

ISIDORE.

My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.

ORDONIO (*turning off from ISIDORE*).

Am not I a man ?

'Tis as it should be ! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler !

ISIDORE.

We met him in the very place you mention'd.
Hard by a grove of firs—

ORDONIO.

Enough—enough—

ISIDORE.

He fought us valiantly, and wounded all ;
In fine, compell'd a parley.

ORDONIO (*sighing, as if lost in thought*).

Alvar ! brother !

ISIDORE.

He offer'd me his purse—

ORDONIO.

Yes ?

ISIDORE.

Yes—I spurn'd it.

He promised us I know not what—in vain !
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,
He said, “What mean you, friends? My life is dear :
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.”

There was a likeness in his face to yours ;
I ask'd his brother's name : he said—“ Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez !” I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no spirit made my tongue its organ,)
“ That woman is dishonour'd * by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.”

* That woman is now pregnant, &c.—1797.

He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his
back—

Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly !
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

ORDONIO.

And you kill'd him ?
Oh blood-hounds ! may eternal wrath flame round
you !

He was his Maker's image undefaced ! *

It seizes me—by Hell I will go on !

What—would'st thou stop, man ? thy pale looks
won't save thee !

Oh cold—cold—cold ! shot through with icy cold !

ISIDORE (*aside*).

Were he alive he had return'd ere now.

The consequence the same—dead thro' his plotting !

ORDONIO.

O this unutterable dying away—here—

This sickness of the heart ! [*a pause.*

What if I went

And lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds ?

Ay, that's the road to heaven ! (*a pause.*) O fool !
fool ! fool !

* He was the image of the Deity—(*a pause*).—1797-1813.

What have I done but that which Nature destined,
Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these
 beings?
And if not meant—

ISIDORE.

You are disturb'd, my lord !

ORDONIO (*starts ; looks at him wildly ; then, after
a pause, during which his features are
forced into a smile*).

A gust of the soul ! i'faith it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all ! idle as laughter ?
Now, Isidore ! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

ISIDORE (*in a low voice*).

I'll perish first ! *

ORDONIO.

What dost thou mutter of ?

ISIDORE.

Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

ORDONIO.

There's some sense in that scruple ; but we'll
 mask you.

* In the original draught of the play the speech continues :
 Shame on my coward heart
That I must slink away from wickedness
Like a cow'd dog !—1797.

ISIDORE.

They'll know my gait: but stay ! * last night I
watch'd

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seem'd was gathering herbs and wild
flowers.

I had follow'd him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I mark'd
That mid the chequer-work of light and shade
With curious choice he pluck'd no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell : and once

* But stay ! of late I have watch'd
A stranger that lives nigh, still picking weeds, '
Now in the swamp, now on the walls of the ruin,
Now clambering, like a runaway lunatic,
Up to the summit of our highest mount.
I have watch'd him at it morning-tide and noon,
Once in the moonlight. Then I stood so near
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard !
Some gaunt slave prowling out for dark employments.

OSORIO.

What may his name be ?

FERDINAND.

That I cannot tell you:

Only Francesco bade an officer
Speak in your name, as lord of this domain.
So he was question'd, who and what he was.
This was his answer, " Say to the Lord Osorio,
He that can bring the dead to life again."

I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employ-
ment.

ORDONIO.

Doubtless you question'd him?

ISIDORE.

'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo ! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk every where, already (as it seem'd)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor ; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopp'd midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again conceal'd myself ;
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in your name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answer'd, " Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again ! "

ORDONIO.

A strange reply !

ISIDORE.

Ay, all of him is strange.
He call'd himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

ORDONIO.

Where does this wizard live ?

ISIDORE (*pointing to the distance*).

You see that brooklet?

Trace its course backward : thro' a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.

ORDONIO.

How shall I know it?

ISIDORE.

You cannot err. It is a small green dell *
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake ;
And there, a curious sight ! you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

ORDONIO (*in retiring stops suddenly at the
edge of the scene, and then turning
round to ISIDORE*).

Ha !—Who lurks there ! Have we been overheard ?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock
glitters—

ISIDORE.

'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the
other,

* You can't mistake. It is a small green dale—1797.

Form a mock portal with their pointed arch ?
Pardon my smiles ! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seethed in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

ORDONIO.

'Tis well ! and now for this same wizard's lair.

ISIDORE.

Some three strides * up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.†

ORDONIO.

I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt* ORDONIO and ISIDORE.]

SCENE II.—*The inside of a Cottage, around which
flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.*

Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ and ALHADRA,
as on the point of leaving.

ALHADRA (*addressing* ALVAR).

Farewell then ! and though many thoughts perplex
me,

* yards—1797.

† the new thatch.—*ib.*

Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee ! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

ALVAR.

Nobly-minded woman !
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffer'd bonds. Of this be certain :
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the Future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim Past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image,
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found : but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave vengeance, and depart !
Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more, farewell. [Exit ALHADRA.]

Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stain'd complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice

Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.

ZULIMEZ.

And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold ?

ALVAR.

O faithful Zulimez !

That my return involved Ordonio's death,*
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable :—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant gray hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
Her husband proved a murderer,† and her infants

* In the original draught of the play, the scene opens thus :—

ALBERT and MAURICE.

ALBERT.

He doth believe himself an iron soul,
And therefore puts he on an iron outward ;
And those same mock habiliments of strength
Hide his own weakness from himself..

MAURICE.

His weakness !

Come, come, speak out ! Your brother is a villain !
Yet all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours
You suffer him to hold !

ALBERT.

Maurice ! dear Maurice !

That my return involved Osorio's death, &c.—1797.

† a monster—*ib.*

His infants—poor Teresa !—all would perish,
All perish—all ! and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin !

ZULIMEZ (*much affected*).

Nay now ! I have distress'd you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome !
*You are a painter, one of many fancies !

* The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere fancy portrait ; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of the late Sir George Beaumont.

ZULIMEZ (*speaking of ALVAR in the third person*).

Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice ;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courtied by mightiest kings, the famous Titian !
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours
Changed the blank canvass to a magic mirror,
That made the absent present ; and to shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and
motion.

He loved the old man, and revered his art :
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But an inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,

You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvass ; and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You have learnt to name——*

Hark ! heard you not some footsteps ?

ALVAR.

What if it were my brother coming onwards ?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
The art, he honour'd thus, requited him :
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

ALHADRA.

And then he framed this picture ? and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman !

ALVAR.

A potent spell, a mighty talisman !
The imperishable memory of the deed,
Sustain'd by love, and grief, and indignation !
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them !
[Note in Appendix to the later editions of *Remorse*.]

* You've learnt to name—but I—

ALBERT.

Well, to the Netherlands
We will return, the heroic Prince of Orange
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past service.

MAURICE,

Heard you not some steps ?

ALBERT.

What if it were my brother coming onward ?

Enter ORDONIO.

ALVAR (*starting*).

It is he !

ORDONIO (*to himself as he enters*).

If I distinguish'd right her gait and stature,

Not very wisely (but his creature teased me)

I sent a most mysterious message to him.

MAURICE.

Would he not know you ?

ALBERT.

I unfearingly

Trust this disguise. Besides he thinks me dead ;

And what the mind believes impossible

The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

Add too my youth when last we saw each other ;

Manhood has swell'd my chest, and taught my voice

A hoarser note.

MAURICE.

Most true ! and Alva's Duke

Did not improve it by the unwholesome viands

He gave so scantily in that foul dungeon

During our long imprisonment.

Enter OSORIO.

ALBERT.

It is he !

MAURICE.

Make yourself talk : you'll feel the less. Come, speak.

How do you find yourself ? Speak to me, Albert.

ALBERT (*placing his hand on his heart*).

A little fluttering here : but more of sorrow !

OSORIO.

You know my name, perhaps, better than me.—*Ec.*

It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That pass'd me as I enter'd. A lit taper,
In the night-air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing* ALVAR.

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio,—son of the Lord Valdez.

ALVAR (*with deep emotion*).*

The son of Valdez !

[ORDONIO *walks leisurely round the room, and
looks attentively at the plants.*

ZULIMEZ (*to* ALVAR).

Why, what ails you now?
How your hand trembles ! Alvar, speak ! what
wish you ?

ALVAR.

To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness ! †

ORDONIO (*returning and aloud*).

Pluck'd in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited !
O the unintelligible power of weeds, ‡

* Groaning aloud.—1797.

† And weep in anguish !—*ib.*

‡ All very curious ! from a ruin'd abbey
Pluck'd in the moonlight. There's a strange power
in weeds, &c.—*ib.*

When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er
them :

Then they work miracles ! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.

There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.

ALVAR.

I am he.

ORDONIO.

With you, then, I am to speak—

[Haughtily waving his hand to Zulimez.]

And mark you, alone.*

[Exit ZULIMEZ.]

“He that can bring the dead to life again !”—
Such was your message, sir ! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things !

ALVAR.

'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such ?

ORDONIO.

Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean ? Think'st thou I journey'd
hither
To sport with thee ?

* I will speak with you, and by yourself.—1797.

ALVAR.

O no, my Lord ! to sport
Best suits * the gaiety of innocence.

ORDONIO (*aside*).

O what a thing is man ! the wisest heart
A fool ! a fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool ! [*Looks round the cottage.*
You are poor ! ‡

ALVAR.

What follows thence ?

ORDONIO.

That you would fain be richer.
The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me ?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power, §
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty ;
And for the boon I ask of you but this, ||
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

* Best fits—1797.

† (*Draws back as if stung and embarrassed, then folding his arms*).—*ib.*

‡ It strikes me you are poor!—*ib.*

§ That you would fain be richer.
Besides, you do not love the rack, perhaps,
Nor a black dungeon, nor a fire of faggots.
The Inquisition—hey ? You understand me.
And you are poor. Now I have wealth and power—*ib.*

|| And for this service, all I ask you is, &c.—*ib.*

ALVAR (*solemnly*).

Thou art the son of Valdez ! would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

ORDONIO.

The slave begins to soften.* [*aside.*

You are my friend,
“ He that can bring the dead to life again ;”
Nay, no defence to me ! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.
(*Then with great bitterness.*)

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee !

ALVAR (*aside*).

Alas ! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

ORDONIO.

I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners ?

[ORDONIO *steps to the door.*

ALVAR.

What, faithless too ? False to his angel wife ?
To such a wife ? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa !——Wretch ! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience !

ORDONIO.

In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perish'd.

* The canting scoundrel softens.—1797.

ALVAR.

What ! you kill'd him ? hey ?

ORDONIO.

I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it !
Insolent slave ! how daredst thou— *

[*Turns abruptly from ALVAR, and then to himself.*

Why, what's this ?

'Twas idiocy ! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

ALVAR (*watching his agitation*).

Fare thee well—

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[*ALVAR is retiring.*

ORDONIO (*having recovered himself*).

Ho !

[*calling to ALVAR.*

ALVAR.

Be brief, what wish you ?

ORDONIO.

You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

ALVAR.

I listen to you.

ORDONIO.

In a sudden tempest,

* Thou slave ! thou galley-slave ! thou mountebank
I leave thee to the hangman !—1797.

Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow—

ALVAR.

Nay, speak out ! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain !—Why stand'st thou aghast ?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

ORDONIO (*hesitating*).

Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

ALVAR (*with eager vehemence*).

Are you not wedded, then ? Merciful Heaven !
Not wedded to Teresa ?

ORDONIO.

Why, what ails thee ?
What, art thou mad ?* why look'st thou upward so ?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air ?

ALVAR (*recollecting himself*).

Proceed. I shall be silent.

[ALVAR *sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.*

ORDONIO.

To Teresa ?

Politic wizard ! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself pro-
ficient

In all my fortunes. Hah ! you prophesied
A golden crop ! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

* Art mad or drunk ?—1797.

ALVAR (*lifting up his head*).

Well ! and this lady !

ORDONIO.

If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it !

ALVAR (*sighing*).

Yes ! he did so !

ORDONIO.

Why no : he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.

ALVAR.

What ! he was your friend then ?

ORDONIO (*wounded and embarrassed*).

I was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard.—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come.—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring
you

Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now ?

ALVAR (*after a pause*).

Ordonio, I will do it.

ORDONIO.

We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,*
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.†

ALVAR.

I will not fail to meet you.

ORDONIO.

Till next we meet, farewell ! [Exit ORDONIO.

ALVAR (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away,
and gazes passionately at the portrait*).

And I did curse thee !
At midnight ! on my knees ! and I believed
Thee perjured, thee a traitress ! thee dishonour'd ! ‡
O blind and credulous fool ! O guilt of folly !
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows
Have come upon my heart ? And this sweet image

* Delays are dangerous. It shall be to-morrow—1797.

† Instead of the last line the speech breaks off in the original draught of the play with the words,

“ Before the dusk.”—*ib.*

‡ Thee perjured, thee polluted, thee a murderess ?—*ib.*

Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and
tremble !

Ah, coward dupe ! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee ! barter for life
This farewell pledge, which with impassion'd vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—even in my death-
pang !

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me ! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.*

Dear portrait ! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

* In the original draught of the play, before the apostrophe to the portrait which forms the last paragraph of the soliloquy and concludes the second Act, the following dialogue here intervened :—

Enter MAURICE.

ALBERT.

Maurice ! that picture which I painted for thee
Of my assassination.

MAURICE.

I'll go fetch it.

ALBERT.

Haste ! For I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd.

[MAURICE goes out.]

Dear image ! (*gazing at the portrait*) &c.—1797.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of armoury, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.*

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

ORDONIO.

This was too melancholy, father.

VALDEZ.

Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost ; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had follow'd a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes : and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank ;
And lower down, poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him. *

* A silver toy his grandmother had given him.—1797.

Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,*
Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR (*aside*).

My tears must not flow !
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father !

Enter TERESA and Attendants.

TERESA.

Lord Valdez, you have ask'd my presence here,
And I submit ; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not ! 'tis mockery.

ORDONIO.

Believe you then no preternatural influence ?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us ?

TERESA.

Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing ; and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have ; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope,
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

(*To ALVAR.*)

Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
On such employment ! With far other thoughts
I left you.

ORDONIO (*aside*).

Ha ! he has been tampering with her ?

* His infant dress was grown too short for him,—1797.

ALVAR.

O high-soul'd maiden ! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name !—

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.

Doubt, but decide not ! Stand ye from the altar.*

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind
the scene.*†

ALVAR.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed !

Soul of Alvar !

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell ;—

So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,

Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one

Of that innumerable company

Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,

Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,

With noise too vast and constant to be heard ;—

Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless,

And rapid travellers ! what ear unstunn'd,

What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against

The rushing of your congregated wings ?

[*Music expressive of the movements and images
that follow.*

Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,

* Stand from off the altar.—1797.

† from an instrument of glass or steel—the harmonica or Celestina stop, or Clagget's metallic organ.—ib.

That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
 A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
 To the parch'd caravan that roams by night !
 And ye upbuild* on the becalmed waves
 That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
 Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye too split
 The ice-mount, and with fragments many and huge
 Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff !
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye
 dance,
 Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,
 And joins your mighty army.

[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three
 words, "Hear, sweet spirit."*

Soul of Alvar !

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm !
 By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
 Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
 Pass visible before our mortal sense !
 So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
 Her knells and masses that redeem the dead !

† SONG.—*Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the
 same Instrument as before.*

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel !

* build up—1797.

† This song it appears was printed and set to music by Mr.
 Carnaby in 1802. (*vide supra*, p. 5.)—ED.

So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea :*
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine ! [A long pause.

ORDONIO.

The innocent obey nor charm nor spell !
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O, 'twere a joy to me !

ALVAR.

A joy to thee !
What if thou heard'st him now ? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poignard ?
What if (his steadfast eye still beaming pity

* On the yellow moonlight sea:—1813.

And brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence ?

VALDEZ.

These are unholy fancies !

ORDONIO (*struggling with his feelings*).

Yes, my father,

He is in Heaven !

ALVAR (*still to ORDONIO*).

But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his
face,
More than the death-pang !

VALDEZ.

Idly prating man !

Thou hast guess'd ill : Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !
He is most virtuous.

ALVAR (*still to ORDONIO*).

What, if his very virtues
Had pamper'd his swoln heart and made him proud ?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt ?
Yet still he stalk'd a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning ;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness ?

Young lord ! I tell thee, that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites !
Away, away ! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*]

TERESA.

'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures !
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers !
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory !—Hark ! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend* before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart
listens,
Comfort and faithful hope. Let us retire.

ALVAR (to TERESA *anxiously*).

O full of faith and guileless love, thy spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprise the guilty : thou art innocent !

[*Exeunt TERESA and Attendant. Music as before.*]

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering
shape,

* To kneel—1813.

Who own'st no master in a human eye,*
 Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
 If he be dead, O come ! and bring with thee
 That which he grasp'd in death ! But if he live,
 Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*†

CHORUS.

Wandering demon hear the spell !
 Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly,‡ and an illuminated picture of Alvar's assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.*

ORDONIO (*starting*).

Duped ! duped ! duped !—the traitor Isidore !

[*At this instant the doors are forced open, MONVIEDRO and the familiars of the Inquisition, servants, &c., enter and fill the stage.*

MONVIEDRO.

First seize the sorcerer ! suffer him not to speak !
 The holy judges of the Inquisition

* in an eye of flesh—1797.

† *The whole orchestra crashes into one chorus.—ib.*

‡ The rest of this Act is entirely different in the original draught of the play. It continues thus :—

MARIA.

This is some trick—I know it is a trick.

Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Valdez?

Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

ORDONIO (*recovering himself as from stupor, to the servants*).

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon.
[*All rush out in tumult.*

Yet my weak fancy, and these bodily creepings,
Would fain give substance to the shadow.

VELEZ (*advancing to the altar*).

Hah!

A picture!

MARIA.

O God! *my* picture?

ALBERT (*gazing at MARIA with wild impatient distressfulness*).

Pale—pale—deadly pale!

MARIA.

He grasp'd it when he died.

[*She swoons. ALBERT rushes to her and supports her.*

ALBERT.

My love! my wife!

Pale—pale, and cold! My love! my wife! Maria!

[*VELEZ is at the altar. OSORIO remains near him in a state of stupor.*

OSORIO (*rousing himself*).

Where am I? 'Twas a lazy chilliness.

VELEZ (*takes and conceals the picture in his robe*).

This way, my son! She must not see this picture.

SCENE II.—*Interior of a chapel, with painted windows.*

Enter TERESA.

When first I enter'd this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart : but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm

Go, call the attendants ! Life will soon ebb back !

[VELEZ and OSORIO leave the stage.]

ALBERT.

Her pulse doth flutter. Maria ! my Maria !

MARIA (*recovering—looks round*).

I heard a voice—but often in my dreams,
I hear that voice, and wake ; and try, and try,
To hear it waking—but I never could !
And 'tis so now—even so ! Well, he is dead,
Murder'd perhaps ! and I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die !

ALBERT (*eagerly*).

Believe it not, sweet maid ! believe it not,
Beloved woman ! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.

MARIA.

Ha ! who art thou ?

ALBERT (*exceedingly agitated*).

My heart bursts over thee !

MARIA.

Didst thou murder him ?

Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril !

TERESA.

Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril ?

VALDEZ.

O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted !
This was no feat of mortal agency !
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all !

And dost thou now repent ? Poor troubled man !
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee !

ALBERT (*aside*).

Let me be gone.

MARIA.

If thou didst murder him,
His spirit ever, at the throne of God,
Asks mercy for thee, prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in heaven !

ALBERT.

Albert was not murder'd.

Your foster-mother——

MARIA.

And doth she know aught ?

ALBERT.

She knows not aught—but haste thou to her cottage
To-morrow early—bring Lord Velez with thee.
There ye must meet me—but your servants come.

With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanish'd,
Self-kindled, self-consumed : bright as thy life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,
Alvar ! My son ! my son !—The Inquisitor—

TERESA.

Torture me not ! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar ?

VALDEZ.

How often would he plead for these Morescoes !
The brood accurst ! remorseless, coward murderers !

MARIA (*wildly*).

Nay—nay—but tell me !

[*A pause—then presses her forehead.*

Ah ! 'tis lost again !

This dead confused pain !

[*A pause—she gazes at ALBERT.*

Mysterious man !

Methinks, I cannot fear thee—for thine eye

Doth swim with pity—I will lean on thee.

[*Exeunt ALBERT and MARIA.*

Re-enter VELEZ and OSORIO.

VELEZ (*sportively*).

You shall not see the picture, till you own it.

OSORIO.

This mirth and raillery, sir, beseech your age.

I am content to be more serious.

VELEZ.

Do you think I did not scent it from the first ?

An excellent scheme, and excellently managed.

'Twill blow away her doubts, and now she'll wed you.

Faith, the likeness is most admirable.

TERESA (*wildly*).

So? so?—I comprehend you—he is——

VALDEZ (*with averted countenance*).

He is no more !

TERESA.

O sorrow ! that a father's voice should say this,
A father's heart believe it !

VALDEZ.

A worse sorrow
Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart despairing !

I saw the trick—yet these old eyes grew dimmer
With very foolish tears, it look'd so like him !

OSORIO.

Where should I get her portrait ?

VELEZ.

Get her portrait ?

Portrait ? You mean the picture ! At the painter's—
No difficulty then—but that you lit upon
A fellow that could play the sorcerer,
With such a grace and terrible majesty,
It was most rare good fortune. And how deeply
He seem'd to suffer when Maria swoon'd,
And half made love to her ! I suppose you'll ask me
Why did he so ?

ORDONIO (*with deep tones of suppressed agitation*).

Ay, wherefore did he so ?

VELEZ.

Because you bade him—and an excellent thought !
A mighty man, and gentle as he is mighty.

TERESA.

These rays that slant in through those gorgeous
windows,
From yon bright orb—though colour'd as they pass,
Are they not light?—Even so that voice, Lord
Valdez,
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a fancy, many a wishful hope,
Speaks yet the truth : and Alvar lives for me !

He'll wind into her confidence, and rout
A host of scruples—come, confess, Osorio !

OSORIO.

You pierce through mysteries with a lynx's eye,
In this your merry mood ! You see it all !

VELEZ.

Why no!—not all. I have not yet discover'd,
At least not wholly, what his speeches meant.
Pride and hypocrisy, and guilt and cunning—
Then when he fix'd his obstinate eye on you,
And you pretended to look strange and tremble.
Why—why—what ails you now ?

OSORIO (*with a stupid stare*).

Me ? why ? what ails me ?

A pricking of the blood—it might have happen'd
At any other time. Why scan you me ?

VELEZ (*clapping him on the shoulder*).

'Twon't do—'twon't do—I have lived too long in the world.
His speech about the corse and stabs and murderers,
Had reference to the assassins in the picture :
That I made out.

OSORIO (*with a frantic eagerness*).

Assassins ! what assassins ?

VALDEZ.

Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit !
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.

TERESA.

I breathed to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
Yet impious sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief ?

VELEZ.

Well acted, on my life ! Your curiosity
Runs open-mouth'd, ravenous as winter wolf.
I dare not stand in its way.

[*He shows OSORIO the picture.*]

OSORIO.

Duped—duped—duped !

That villain Ferdinand !

[*aside.*]

VELEZ.

Duped—duped—not I.

As he swept by me—

OSORIO.

Ha ! *what* did he say ?

VELEZ.

He caught his garment up and hid his face.
It seem'd as he were struggling to suppress—

OSORIO.

A laugh ! a laugh ! O hell ! he laughs at me !

VELEZ.

It heaved his chest more like a violent sob.

VALDEZ.

O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—

[*Turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.*

Accursed assassins !

Disarm'd, o'erpower'd, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relique
More dear than was his life—

OSORIO.

A choking laugh !

[*A pause—then very wildly.*

I tell thee, my dear father !

I am most glad of this !

VELEZ.

Glad !—ay—to be sure.

OSORIO.

I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down
Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—dark—
And every inch of this my flesh did feel
As if a cold toad touch'd it ! Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely thro' its channels !

[*He turns off—then (to himself) mimicking FERDINAND'S manner.*

“A common trick of gratitude, my lord !
Old gratitude ! a dagger would dissect
His own full heart,” 'twere good to see its colour !

VELEZ (*looking intently at the picture*).

Calm, yet commanding ! how he bares his breast,
Yet still they stand with dim uncertain looks,
As penitence had run before their crime.
A crime too black for aught to follow it
Save blasphemous despair ! See *this man's face*—
With what a difficult toil he drags his soul
To do the deed.

[*Then to OSORIO.*

TERESA (*with faint shriek*).

O heavens ! my portrait !
And he did grasp it in his death-pang !

Off, false demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head !

[ORDONIO *enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*

Hush ! who comes here ? The wizard Moor's employer !

Moors were his murderers, you say ? Saints shield
us

From wicked thoughts—

[VALDEZ *moves towards the back of the stage to meet ORDONIO, and during the concluding lines of TERESA'S speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*

Is Alvar dead ? what then ?

O this was delicate flattery
To poor Maria, and I love thee for it !

OSORIO (*in a slow voice, with a reasoning laugh*).

Love—love—and then we hate—and what ? and wherefore ?

Hatred and love. Strange things ! both strange alike !

What if one reptile sting another reptile,

Where is the crime ? The goodly face of Nature

Hath one trail less of slimy filth upon it.

Are we not all predestined rottenness

And cold dishonour ? Grant it that this hand

Had given a morsel to the hungry worms

Somewhat too early. Where's the guilt of this ?

That this must needs bring on the idiotcy

Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream !

The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one !
Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—
Away ! they see me not—Thou seest me, Alvar !
To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,
One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—
There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore
me. *[Retires out of sight.]*

ORDONIO (*as he advances with VALDEZ*).

These are the dungeon-keys. Monviedro knew
not

That I too had received the wizard's message,
“He that can bring the dead to life again.”
But now he is satisfied I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

VELEZ.

Wild talk, my child ! but thy excess of feeling—
[Turns off from OSORIO.]
Sometimes I fear it will unhinge his brain !

OSORIO.

I kill a man and lay him in the sun,
And in a month there swarm from his dead body
A thousand—nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man whom I had kill'd.
Now who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives, is not as happy
As that one life, which being shoved aside
Made room for these ten thousand ?

VELEZ.

Wild as madness !

VALDEZ.

'Tis well, my son ! But have you yet discover'd
(Where is Teresa ?) what those speeches meant—
Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning ?
Then when the wizard fixed his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and
trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now ?—

OSORIO.

Come, father ! you have taught me to be merry,
And merrily we'll pore upon this picture.

VELEZ (*holding the picture before OSORIO*).

That Moor, who points his sword at Albert's breast—

OSORIO (*abruptly*).

A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle !

VELEZ.

And these other two——

OSORIO.

Dead—dead already !—what care I for the dead ?

VELEZ.

The heat of brain and your too strong affection
For Albert, fighting with your other passion,
Unsettle you, and give reality
To these your own contrivings.

OSORIO.

Is it so ?

You see through all things with your penetration.
Now I am calm. How fares it with Maria ?
My heart doth ache to see her.

VELEZ.

Nay—defer it !

Defer it, dear Osorio ! I will go.

[*Exit VELEZ.*

ORDONIO (*confused*).

Me ? what ails me ?

A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me ?

VALDEZ.

His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,
Bore reference to the assassins—

ORDONIO.

Duped ! duped ! duped !

The traitor Isidore ! [*A pause, then wildly.*

I tell thee, my dear father !

I am most glad of this.

OSORIO.

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea—
And now 'tis gone ! all may be done this night !

Enter a Servant.

OSORIO.

There is a man, once a Moresco chieftain,
One Ferdinand.

SERVANT.

He lives in the Alpuxarras,
Beneath a slate rock.

OSORIO.

Slate rock ?

SERVANT.

Yes, my lord !

If you had seen it, you must have remember'd
The flight of steps his children had worn up it
With often clambering.

VALDEZ (*confused*).

True—sorcery

Merits its doom ; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.

I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.

OSORIO.

Well, it may be so.

SERVANT.

Why, now I think on't, at this time of the year
'Tis hid by vines.

OSORIO (*in a muttering voice*).

The cavern—ay—the cavern.

He cannot fail to find it.

(*To the Servant.*)

Where art going ?

You must deliver to this Ferdinand

A letter. Stay till I have written it. [*Exit the Servant.*]

OSORIO (*alone*).

The tongue can't stir when the mouth is fill'd with mould.

A little earth stops up most eloquent mouths,

And a square stone with a few pious texts

Cut neatly on it, keeps the earth down tight.

Scene changes to the space before the castle.

FRANCESCO and a Spy.

FRANCESCO.

Yes ! yes ! I have the key of all their lives.

If a man fears me, he is forced to love me.

And if I can, and do not ruin him,

He is fast bound to serve and honour me !

[ALBERT enters from the castle, and is crossing the stage.]

ORDONIO.

Yes ! yes ! we recognize them.

I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—
dark !

My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
As had a snake coil'd round them !—Now 'tis
sunshine,

And the blood dances freely through its channels !

[Turns off abruptly: then to himself.

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore !

[Then mimicking ISIDORE's manner and voice.

“A common trick of gratitude, my lord !”

Old Gratitude ! a dagger would dissect

His “own full heart”—’twere good to see its colour.

SPY.

There—there—your Reverence ! That is the sorcerer.

*[FRANCESCO runs up and rudely catches hold of ALBERT.**ALBERT dashes him to the earth. FRANCESCO and the
SPY make an uproar, and the Servants rush from out
the castle.*

FRANCESCO.

Seize, seize and gag him ! or the Church curses you !

*[The Servants seize and gag ALBERT.**Enter VELEZ and OSORIO.*OSORIO (*aside*).

This is most lucky !

FRANCESCO (*inarticulate with rage*).

See you this, Lord Velez ?

Good evidence have I of most foul sorcery,

And in the name of Holy Church command you

VALDEZ. ·

These magic sights ! O that I ne'er had yielded
To your entreaties ! Neither had I yielded,
But that in spite of your own seeming faith
I held it for some innocent stratagem,
Which love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies !

To give me up the keys—the keys, my lord !
Of that same dungeon-hole beneath your castle.
This imp of hell—but we delay inquiry
Till to Granada we have convoy'd him.

OSORIO (*to the Servants*).

Why haste you not ? Go, fly and dungeon him !
Then bring the keys and give them to his Reverence.

[*The Servants hurry off* ALBERT. OSORIO *goes up to*
FRANCESCO, *and pointing at ALBERT.*

OSORIO (*with a laugh*).

“ He that can bring the dead to life again.”

FRANCESCO.

What ? did *you* hear it ?

OSORIO.

Yes, and plann'd this scheme
To bring conviction on him. Ho ! a wizard,
Thought I—but where's the proof ? I plann'd this scheme.
The scheme has answer'd—we have proof enough.

FRANCESCO.

My lord, your pious policy astounds me.
I trust my honest zeal——

OSORIO.

Nay, reverend father !
It has but raised my veneration for you.

ORDONIO (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself*).

Love ! love ! and then we hate ! and what ? and wherefore ?

Hatred and love ! fancies opposed by fancies !
What if one reptile sting another reptile ?
Where is the crime ? The goodly face of Nature
Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined transiency,
And cold dishonour ? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this ?
That this must needs bring on the idiocy
Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream !

But 'twould be well to stop all intertalk
Between my servants and this child of darkness.

FRANCESCO.

My lord ! with speed I'll go, make swift return,
And humbly re-deliver you the keys.

[*Exit* FRANCESCO.]

OSORIO (*alone*).

"The stranger, that lives nigh, still picking weeds."
And this was his friend, his crony, his twin-brother !
O ! I am green, a very simple stripling—
The wise men of this world make nothing of me.
By Heaven, 'twas well contrived ! and I, forsooth,
I was to cut my throat in honour of conscience.
And this tall wizard—ho !—he was to pass
For Albert's friend ! He *hath* a trick of his manner.
He was to tune his voice to honey'd sadness,
And win her to a transfer of her love
By lamentable tales of her dear Albert,

VALDEZ.

Wild talk, my son ! But thy excess of feeling——
[*averting himself.*
Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain.

ORDONIO (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his
father: and just after the speech has commenced,
TERESA reappears and advances slowly*).

Say, I had laid a body in the sun !
Well ! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had kill'd him !
[*TERESA starts and stops listening.*

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy
As that one life, which being push'd aside,
Made room for these unnumber'd——

And his dear Albert ! Yea, she would have loved him.
He that can sigh out in a woman's ear
Sad recollections of her perish'd lover,
And sob and smile with veering sympathy,
And, now and then, as if by accident,
Pass his mouth close enough to touch her cheek
With timid lip, he takes the lover's place,
He takes his place, for certain ! Dusky rogue,
Were it not sport to whimper with thy mistress,
Then steal away and roll upon my grave,
Till thy sides shook with laughter ? Blood ! blood ! blood !
They want thy blood ! thy blood, Osorio !

VALDEZ.

O mere madness !

[TERESA moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before ORDONIO.]

ORDONIO (*checking the feeling of surprise, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy.*

Teresa ? or the phantom of Teresa ?

TERESA.

Alas ! the phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her being, her life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound—
(*A pause.*) Where
(Even coward murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez !—answer me, Ordonio !
Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband ?

ORDONIO.

There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie !
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierced darkness !
For while we live—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids !

Over his rocky grave the fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge ! 'Tis well with him.

[*Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but returns as VALDEZ is speaking.*

TERESA (*recoiling with the expression
appropriate to the passion*).

The rock ! the fir-grove !

(*To VALDEZ.*)

Didst thou hear him say it ?

Hush ! I will ask him !

VALDEZ.

Urge him not—not now !

This we beheld. Nor he nor I know more

Than what the magic imagery reveal'd.

The assassin, who press'd foremost of the three——

ORDONIO.

A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,

Whom I will strangle !

VALDEZ (*looking with anxious disquiet at his
son, yet attempting to proceed with his
description*).

While his two companions——

ORDONIO.

Dead ! dead already ! what care we for the dead ?

VALDEZ (*to TERESA*).

Pity him ! soothe him ! disenchant his spirit !

These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure,

And his too fond affection, which still broods

O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it——

These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,

Distemper him, and give reality

To the creatures of his fancy.

ORDONIO.

Is it so ?

Yes ! yes ! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewilder'd and talks idly.

(Then mysteriously.)

Father !

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours ? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar ?

VALDEZ.

Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate ; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

ORDONIO.

Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murder'd.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle lady ?

VALDEZ.

What seek you now ?

TERESA.

A better, surer light
To guide me——

Both VALDEZ and ORDONIO.

Whither ?

TERESA.

To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me !
Detain me not ! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.

VALDEZ.

To find a lover !
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty ?
O folly and shame ! Tempt not my rage, Teresa !

TERESA.

Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms—O Heaven !
I haste but to the grave of my beloved ! *
[*Exit, VALDEZ following after her.*

ORDONIO.

This, then, is my reward ! and I must love her ?
Scorn'd ! shudder'd at ! yet love her still ? yes !
yes !

By the deep feelings of revenge and hate
I will still love her—woo her—win her too !

[*A pause.*

Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd

* This and the preceding speech of Teresa are transferred almost verbatim from the scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn (Act iv. sc. 5 of *The Death of Wallenstein*). See vol. iii. pp. 378-380.—ED.

To escape the crueller flames--My soul shouts
triumph !

The mine is undermined ! blood ! blood ! blood !

They thirst for thy blood ! thy blood, Ordonio!

[*A pause.*

The hunt is up ! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle, and with nets they seek
A timid prey : and lo ! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch !

To Isidore I will despatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern ! ay, that cavern !
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him
Whence he shall never, never more return !

[*Looks through the side-window.*

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone ! All shall be done to-night.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight.*

ISIDORE *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

ISIDORE.*

Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving !
“ His life in danger, no place safe but this !
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.”
And yet—but no ! there can't be such a villain.
It cannot be !

Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in ! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Anything but this crash of water-drops !
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition !

* The three lines with which this Act originally opened, and which gave rise to Sheridan's famous jest, have already appeared in a note to the Preface (p. 6).—ED.

So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight, and returns after a minute's elapse in an ecstasy of fear.*

A hellish pit ! The very same I dreamt of !

I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice

Which clutch'd my hair up ! Ha !—what's that—
it moved.

[*ISIDORE stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time ORDONIO enters with a torch, and halloes to ISIDORE.*

ISIDORE.

I swear that I saw something moving there !

The moonshine came and went like a flash of
lightning——

I swear I saw it move.

ORDONIO (*goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn*).

A jutting clay-stone

Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath :
And the weed nods and drips.

ISIDORE (*forcing a laugh faintly*).

A jest to laugh at !

It was not that which scared me, good my lord.

ORDONIO.

What scared you, then ?

ISIDORE.

You see that little rift ?

But first permit me !

[*Lights his torch at ORDONIO'S, and while lighting it.*

A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.
You see that crevice there ?
My torch extinguish'd by these water-drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there ;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the void so counterfeited substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear ?

Fear too hath its instincts !
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye)
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatch'd me backward. Merciful
Heaven !

You smile ! alas, even smiles look ghastly here !
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

ORDONIO.

It must have shot some pleasant feelings through
you.

ISIDORE.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh

Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so !
Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

ORDONIO (*interrupting him*).

Why, Isidore,

I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—
But such a panic—

ISIDORE.

When a boy, my lord !

I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and
rattle

Against its horrid sides : then hung my head
Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

ORDONIO.

Art thou more coward now ?

ISIDORE.

Call him that fears his fellow-man a coward !
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Beside, (you'll smile, my lord) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted

By what had pass'd between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors ! Now run down and stared at
By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being afraid—stifled with fear !
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me !
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes ;*
And I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——

ORDONIO.

Well ?

ISIDORE.

I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Waked me : she heard my heart beat.

ORDONIO.

Strange enough !
Had you been here before ?

ISIDORE.

Never, my lord !
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

ORDONIO (*stands lost in thought, then after
a pause*).

I know not why it should be ! yet it is—

* I saw you in a thousand hideous ways,
And dozed and started, dozed again and started.—1797.

ISIDORE.

What is, my lord?

ORDONIO.

Abhorrent from our nature

To kill a man.—*

ISIDORE.

Except in self-defence.

ORDONIO.

Why that's my case ! and yet the soul recoils from
it——'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings ? †

ISIDORE.

Something troubles you.

How shall I serve you ? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent ! But this, my lord !

*

OSORIO.

There is no reason why it should be so.
And yet it is.

FERDINAND.

What is, my lord ?

OSORIO.

Unpleasant

To kill a man !—1797.

† Why that's my case : and yet 'tis still unpleasant.
At least I find it so ! But you, perhaps,
Have stronger nerves ?—*it*.

Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moon-
light,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

[ORDONIO *darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*

ORDONIO.

Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.

ISIDORE.

Who? when? my lord?

ORDONIO.

What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.*

He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.

ISIDORE (*aside*).

He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

(*Then to ORDONIO.*)

What, he was mad?

ORDONIO.

All men seem'd mad to him !*

Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

ISIDORE.

Of himself he speaks. [*aside.*
Alas ! poor wretch !

Madmen are mostly proud.

ORDONIO.

He walk'd alone,

And phantom thoughts † unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities ; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,
A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest :
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep.
The man who heard him—

Why didst thou look round ?

ISIDORE.

I have a prattler three years old, my lord !

* All men seem'd mad to him,
Their actions noisome folly, and their talk—
A goose's gabble was more musical.—1797.

† phantasies—*ib.*

In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed !
And what did this man ?

ORDONIO.

With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality*
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done !

(Then very wildly.)

Why babblest thou of guilt ?
The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen ?

ISIDORE.

I would, my lord, you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.

ORDONIO.

Where was I ?

ISIDORE.

He of whom you tell the tale—

ORDONIO.

Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances

* a being and reality—1797.

Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd !
But that same over ready agent—he——

ISIDORE.

Ah ! what of him, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

He proved a traitor,*
Betray'd the mystery to a brother traitor,*
And they between them hatched a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death. †
What did the Valdez ? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it.—

[ORDONIO *grasps his sword, and turns off from*

ISIDORE, *then after a pause returns.*

Our links burn dimly.

ISIDORE.

A dark tale darkly finish'd ! Nay, my lord !
Tell what he did.

ORDONIO (*fiercely*).

That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the traitor.

* villain - 1797.

f

† Here followed these three lines in the original draught of the play :—

To share the wealth of a most noble family,
And stain the honour of an orphan lady
With barbarous mixture and unnatural union—*it*.

ISIDORE.

No ! the fool !

He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle ! not to have foreseen
That he who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark !

ORDONIO.

Thou wouldst not then have come, if—

ISIDORE.

Oh yes, my lord !

I would have met him arm'd, and scared the coward.
[ISIDORE *throws off his robe ; shows himself
armed, and draws his sword.*

ORDONIO.

Now this is excellent, and warms the blood !
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
* With weak and womanish scruples. Now my
vengeance

Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
And claims that life my pity robb'd her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

ISIDORE.

And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

* With womanish pules of pity. Dusky slave,
Now I will kill thee pleasantly, and count it, &c.—1797.

[*They fight, ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing.** ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his torch, ORDONIO follows him ; a loud cry of "*Traitor ! Monster !*" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO returns alone.

ORDONIO.

I have hurl'd him down the chasm ! treason for treason.

He dreamt of it : henceforward let him sleep
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake
him.†

His dream too is made out—Now for his friend.

[*Exit* ORDONIO.

* Here came the two following speeches in the original play :—

FERDINAND (*springing wildly towards OSORIO*).

Still I can strangle thee !

OSORIO.

Nay, fool ! stand off.

I'll kill thee—but not so ! Go fetch thy sword.—1797.

† In the original play Osorio exclaims, in lieu of the above three lines :—

Now—this was luck ! No blood-stains, no dead body !

ib

SCENE II.—*The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the iron gate of a dungeon visible.**

TERESA.

Heart-chilling Superstition ! thou canst glaze
Even Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the tortures that await him :
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me !

* The whole of the scene between Maria and her foster-mother which occurred in this place in the original *Osorio*, was omitted as unfit for the stage in the acted *Remorse*, but the substance of it was afterwards printed in an appendix to the later editions and in *Silylline Leaves*, 1817. All of it but the first speech originally appeared, under the title of "The Foster-Mother's tale ; a Dramatic Fragment," as one of Coleridge's contributions to the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, and continued to appear there, with some further omission as regards the opening part, in the later editions of 1800, 1802, and 1805. Cottle in his *Early Recollections of Coleridge* (Lond. 1837, vol. i., pp. 234, 235), prints a version of it, with some slight variations, from a copy in Coleridge's own writing, given to him by the poet in the summer of 1797.—ED.

SCENE changes to the court before the Castle of VELEZ.

MARIA and her FOSTER-MOTHER.

MARIA.

And when I heard that you desired to see me,
I thought your business was to tell me of him.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

I never saw the Moor, whom you describe.

Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor ! a sorcerer !
No, I have faith, that Nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,

MARIA.

'Tis strange ! he spake of you familiarly
As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,
That join'd your names with mine ! O my sweet lady,
As often as I think of those dear times
When you two little ones would stand at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day ; and how to talk
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you,
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what *has* been !

MARIA.

O my dear mother ! this strange man has left me
Wilder'd with wilder fancies than yon moon
Breeds in the love-sick maid—who gazes at it
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye,
She gazes idly ! But that entrance, mother !

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Can no one hear ? It is a perilous tale !

MARIA.

No one.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Leoni. Angels rest his soul !
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam

I doubt not that Ordonio had suborn'd him
To act some part in some unholy fraud ;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge !
But my resolve is fix'd ! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel ?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And rear'd him at the then Lord Velez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy.
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A friar who gather'd simples in the wood,
A grey-hair'd man—he loved this little boy,
The boy loved him—and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen ; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
So he became a very learned youth.
But O ! poor wretch—he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turn'd—and ere his twentieth year,
He had unlawful thoughts of many things.
And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er hadst
sight of,

The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him,
And once as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fall'n
Right on their heads. My lord was sorely frighten'd;
A fever seized him; and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart.
And once as he was working in the cellar,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described;
And the young man escaped.

MARIA.

'Tis a sweet tale:

Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.
And what became of him?

FOSTER-MOTHER.

He went on shipboard

Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shaped it
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant
threats.

Now by my faith, girl ! this same wizard haunts
thee !

A stately man, and eloquent and tender—

[*with a sneer.*

Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Domini-
cans—*

With those bold voyagers, who made discovery
Of golden lands ; Leoni's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,
He told Leoni that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion seized a boat,
And all alone set sail by silent moonlight,
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more ; but 'tis supposed
He lived and died among the savage men.—1797.

*

VELEZ.

Still sad, Maria ? This same wizard haunts you.

MARIA.

O Christ ! the tortures that hang o'er his head
If ye betray him to these holy brethren !

VELEZ (*with a kind of sneer*).

A portly man, and eloquent, and tender !

In truth, I shall not wonder if you mourn

That their rude grasp should seize on such a victim.—*ib.*

TERESA (*with solemn indignation*).

The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,*
That I should feel too little for mine enemy
† If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things
are—

VALDEZ.

Hush, thoughtless woman !

TERESA.

Nay, it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.

VALDEZ.

No more of this—‡

* the height of sympathy—1797.

† Ah ! far too little—if 'twere possible
I could feel more, even though my child or husband
Were doom'd to suffer them !—*il.*

‡ VELEZ (*angrily*).

No more of this—

I can endure no more.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My honour'd master !

Lord Albert used to talk so.

MARIA.

Yes ! my mother !

These are my Albert's lessons, and I con them

What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us !
I dare not listen to you.

TERESA.

My honour'd lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

VALDEZ.

We have mourn'd for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son ?*

TERESA.

Speak not of him !
That low imposture ! That mysterious picture !
If this be madness, must I wed a madman ?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.

VALDEZ.

Is this well ?

With more delight than in my fondest hour
I bend me o'er his portrait.

VELEZ (*to the Foster-Mother*).

My good woman,

You may retire.

[*Exit the Foster-Mother.*—1797.]

* Have I no living son ?

MARIA.

Speak not of him !

That low imposture—my heart sickens at it, &c.—*ib.*

TERESA.

Yes, it is truth : saw you his countenance ?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear
Displaced each other with swift interchanges ? *
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born !
† His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips !
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtue's own native heraldry ! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him ! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamour'd !

O my father !

Recall that morning when we knelt together,

* The five following lines closed the speech in the original draught of the play :—

If this were all assumed, as you believe,
He must needs be a most consummate actor ;
And hath so vast a power to deceive me,
I never could be safe. And why assume
The semblance of such execrable feelings ?—1797.

† The substance of these lines, in a somewhat amplified form, appears among the *Poetical Fragments* (vol. ii. p. 364-5).
ED.

And thou didst bless our loves ! O even now,
Even now, my sire ! to thy mind's eye present him,
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look ! Place, place beside
him

Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance !
Then bid me (oh thou couldst not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind !
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

VALDEZ.

Ungrateful woman ! I have tried to stifle
An old man's passion ! was it not enough,
That thou hast made my son a restless man,
Banish'd his health, and half unhinged his reason ;
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion,
And toil to blast his honour ? I am old,
A comfortless old man ! *

* A comfortless old man ! Thou shalt not stay
Beneath my roof !

[FRANCESCO enters and stands listening.

Repent and marry him—

Or to the convent.

FRANCESCO (*muttering*).

Good ! good ! very good !

MARIA.

Nay, grant me some small pittance of my fortune,
And I will live a solitary woman,
Or my poor foster-mother and her grandsons
May be my household.

TERESA.

O grief ! to hear
Hateful entreaties from a voice we love !

Enter a Peasant and presents a letter to VALDEZ.

VALDEZ (*reading it*).

“ He dares not venture hither ! ” Why, what can
this mean ?

“ Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him ;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprison’d—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow.”—Why what can
this be ?

Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.

FRANCESCO (*advancing*).

I abhor a listener ;

But you spoke so I could not choose but hear you.

I pray, my lord ! will you embolden me

To ask you why this lady doth prefer

To live in lonely sort, without a friend

Or fit companion ?

VELEZ.

Bid her answer you.

MARIA.

Nature will be my friend and fit companion.

[Turns off from them.

O Albert ! Albert ! that they could return, &c.—1797.

Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants,
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[*Exit* VALDEZ.

TERESA (*alone*).

The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet, anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.
O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at eventide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that mur-
mur'd!

O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight
Of bliss that press'd too heavy on the heart.*

[*A pause.*

* In the original draught of the play the scene thus continues :

FRANCESCO.

But in the convent, lady, you would have
Such aids as might preserve you from perdition.
There might you dwell.

MARIA.

With tame and credulous faith,
Mad melancholy, antic merriment,
Leanness, disquietude, and secret pangs!
O God! it is a horrid thing to know

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light ?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery
Be groping for him with envenom'd poniard—
Hence, womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit* TERESA.

That each pale wretch who sits and drops her beads
Had once a mind, which might have given her wings
Such as the angels wear !

FRANCESCO (*stifling his rage*).

Where is your son, my lord ?

VELEZ.

I have not seen him, father, since he left you.

FRANCESCO.

His lordship's generous nature hath deceived him.
That Ferdinand (or if not he his wife)
I have fresh evidence—are infidels.
We are not safe until they are rooted out.

MARIA.

Thou man, who call'st thyself the minister
Of Him whose law was love unutterable !
Why is thy soul so parch'd with cruelty,
That still thou thirstest for thy brother's blood ?

VELEZ (*rapidly*).

Father ! I have long suspected it—her brain—
Heed it not, father !

FRANCESCO.

Nay—but I *must* heed it.

MARIA.

Thou miserable man ! I fear thee not,

SCENE III.—*The mountains by moonlight.*

ALHADRA *alone in a Moorish dress.*

* ALHADRA.

Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold ;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine : and the owl,
(Strange ! very strange !) the scritch-owl only
wakes !
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty !

Nor prize a life which soon may weary me.
Bear witness, Heaven ! I neither scorn nor hate him—
But O ! 'tis wearisome to mourn for evils,
Still mourn, and have no power to remedy !

[*Exit MARIA.*]

FRANCESCO.

My lord ! I shall presume to wait on you
To-morrow early.

VELEZ.

Be it so, good father !

[*Exit FRANCESCO.*]

VELEZ (*alone*).

I do want solace, but not such as thine !
The moon is high in heaven, and my eyes ache,
But not with sleep. Well—it is ever so.
A child, a child is born ! and the fond heart
Dances ! and yet the childless are most happy.—1797.

* This soliloquy occurred in the first Scene of Act V. in the original draught of the play.—Ed.

Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
 To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
 Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
 I need the sympathy of human faces,
 To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
 Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
 The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
 To bring me food! or rather that my soul
 Could drink in life from the universal air!
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff
 Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
 To float for ever with a careless course,
 And think myself the only being alive!

* My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
 This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward
 tyrant!
 To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
 Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!†

* In the original sketch of the play it is Naomi who reminds Alhadra of her children:

NAOMI (*re-enters*).

NAOMI.

Thy children—

ALHADRA.

Children!—whose children?

[*A pause—then fiercely.*

Son of Velez, &c.—1797.

† The above soliloquy replaces the following dialogue between two Morescoes, which opened the Scene in the original draught of the play:—

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and remain silent till NAOMI enters.*

NAOMI.

Woman ! May Alla and the prophet bless thee !
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief ?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments ?

ALHADRA (*raising her eyes and looking round on the circle*).

Warriors of Mahomet ! faithful in the battle !
My countrymen ! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed ? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb ? Curse on those Christian robes !

FIRST MORESCO.

The law which forced these Christian dresses on us,
'Twere pleasant to cleave down the wretch who framed it.

SECOND MORESCO.

Yet 'tis not well to trample on it idly.

FIRST MORESCO.

Our country robes are dear.

SECOND MORESCO.

And like dear friends
May chance to prove most perilous informers.—1797.

They are spell-blasted : and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

NAOMI.

Where is Isidore ?

ALHADRA (*in a deep low voice*).

This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep : and he was living !
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perish'd——

ALL MORESCOS.

Perish'd ?

ALHADRA.

He had perish'd :

Sleep on, poor babes ! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan !
Why should we wake them ? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder ?

ONE MORESCO (*to another*).

Did she say his murder ?

NAOMI.

Murder ? Not murder'd ?

ALHADRA.

Murder'd by a Christian.

[*They all at once draw their sabres.*

ALHADRA (*to NAOMI, who advances from the circle*).

Brother of Zagri ! fling away thy sword ;

This is thy chieftain's !

[*He steps forward to take it.*

Dost thou dare receive it ?

For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,

No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart

Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword

Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez !*

[*A pause.*

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer !

* Wet with the blood of all the house of Velez !—1797.

The following passage here followed in the original draught of the play :—

Enter MAURICE.

ALL.

A spy ! a spy !

[*They seize him.*

MAURICE.

Off ! off ! unhand me, slaves !

[*After much struggling, he disengages himself, and draws his sword.*

NAOMI (*to ALHADRA*).

Speak ! shall we kill him ?

MAURICE.

Yes ! ye can kill a man,

Some twenty of you ! But ye are Spanish slaves !

And slaves are always cruel, always cowards.

ALHADRA.

That man has spoken truth. Whence and who art thou ?

MAURICE.

I seek a dear friend, whom for aught I know

The son of Velez hath hired one of you

To murder ! Say, do ye know aught of Albert ?

NAOMI.

He dies, by Alla !

ALL (*kneeling*).

By Alla !

ALHADRA.

This night your chieftain arm'd himself,
And hurried from me. But I follow'd him
At distance, till I saw him enter—there.

ALHADRA (*starting*).

Albert ?—three years ago I heard that name
Murmur'd in sleep ! High-minded foreigner !
Mix thy revenge with mine, and stand among us.

[MAURICE *stands among the Morescoes.*

ALHADRA.

Was not Osorio my husband's friend ?

OLD MAN.

He kill'd my son in battle ; yet our chieftain
Forced me to sheathe my dagger. See—the point
Is bright, unruined with the villain's blood !

ALHADRA.

He is your chieftain's murderer !

NAOMI.

He dies, by Alla !

ALL (*dropping on one knee*).

By Alla !

ALHADRA.

This night a reeking slave came with loud pant,
Gave Ferdinand a letter, and departed,
Swift as he came. Pale, with unquiet looks,
He read the scroll.

MAURICE.

Its purport ?

NAOMI.

The cavern ?

ALHADRA.

Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch ; he likewise enter'd.
There was another and a longer pause ;
And once, methought I heard the clash of swords !
And soon the son of Valdez re-appear'd :
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful ! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband !

NAOMI.

Thou called'st him ?

ALHADRA.

I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent. [*Then wildly.*
—What said'st thou ?

No ! no ! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer ! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came ! After that pause,

ALHADRA.

Yes, I ask'd it.
He answer'd me, " Alhadra ! thou art worthy
A nobler secret ; but I have been faithful
To this bad man, and faithful I will be."
He said, and arm'd himself, and lit a torch ;
Then kiss'd his children, each one on its pillow,
And hurried from me, &c.

O Heaven ! I heard a groan, and follow'd it :
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light ! his torch lay on the ground ;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink :
I spake ; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm ! it was his last ! his death-
groan !

NAOMI.

Comfort her, Alla ! *

ALHADRA.

I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remember'd,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan !
But I had heard his last : my husband's death-
groan !

NAOMI.

Haste ! let us onward.

ALHADRA.

I look'd far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment :
And it was stain'd with blood. Then first I
shriek'd,

*

MAURICE.

Comfort her, comfort her, Almighty Father !—1797.

In the first edition of *Remorse* here follows a speech afterwards omitted :

ALL.

Haste, let us seek the murderer !—1813.

My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turn'd into blood—I saw them turn to blood !
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance !—Curses on my tongue !
The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance ! Isidore !
Spirit of Isidore ! thy murderer lives !
Away ! away !

ALL.

Away ! away !

[She rushes off, all following her.]

ACT V.*

SCENE.—*A Dungeon.*ALVAR (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

ALVAR.

And this place my forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?

* The following Scene, omitted in *Remorse*, originally opened the Fifth Act of the play :—

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Sea Shore.*

NAOMI and a Moresco.

MORESCO.

This was no time for freaks of useless vengeance.

NAOMI.

True ! but Francesco, the Inquisitor,
Thou know'st the bloodhound—'twas a strong temptation.
And when they pass'd within a mile of his house,
We could not curb them in. They swore by Mahomet,
It were a deed of treachery to their brethren
To sail from Spain and leave that man alive.

MORESCO.

Where is Alhadra ?

Is this the only cure? Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,

NAOMI.

She moved steadily on
Unswerving from the path of her resolve.
Yet each strange object fix'd her eye : for grief
Doth love to dally with fantastic shapes,
And smiling, like a sickly moralist,
Gives some resemblance of her own concerns
To the straws of chance, and things inanimate.
I seek her here ; stand thou upon the watch.
[Exit MORESCO.]

NAOMI (*looking wistfully to the distance*).

Stretch'd on the rock ! It must be she—Alhadra !

[ALHADRA *rises from the rock, and advances slowly, as if musing.*

NAOMI.

Once more, well met ! what ponder'st thou so deeply ?

ALHADRA.

I scarce can tell thee ! For my many thoughts
Troubled me, till with blank and naked mind
I only listen'd to the dashing billows.
It seems to me, I could have closed my eyes
And waked without a dream of what has pass'd ;
So well it counterfeited quietness,
This wearied heart of mine !

NAOMI.

'Tis thus by Nature
Wisely ordain'd, that so excess of sorrow
Might bring its own cure with it.

They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot !

Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks ;—
And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,

ALHADRA.

Would to Heaven
That it had brought its last and certain cure !
'That ruin in the wood.

NAOMI.

It is a place
Of ominous fame ; but 'twas the shortest road,
Nor could we else have kept clear of the village.
Yet some among us, as they scaled the wall,
Mutter'd old rhyming prayers.

ALHADRA.

On that broad wall
I saw a skull ; a poppy grew beside it,
There was a ghastly solace in the sight !

NAOMI.

I mark'd it not, and in good truth the night-bird
Curdled my blood, even till it prick'd the heart.
Its note comes dreariest in the fall of the year :

[*Looking round impatiently.*

Why don't they come ? I will go forth and meet them.

Exit NAOMI.

[Here follows the soliloquy of Alhadra, afterwards transferred to the beginning of Act iv. Sc. 3.]

[*A noise—enter a part of the Morescoes ; and from the opposite side of the stage a Moorish Seaman.*

MOORISH SEAMAN.

The boat is on the shore, the vessel waits.
Your wives and children are already stow'd ;

And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies

I left them prattling of the Barbary coast,
Of mosques, and minarets, and golden crescents.
Each had her separate dream, but all were gay,
Dancing, in thought, to finger-beaten timbrels !

*Enter MAURICE and the rest of the Morescoes, dragging
in FRANCESCO.*

FRANCESCO.

O spare me, spare me ! only spare my life !

AN OLD MAN.

All hail, Alhadra ! O that thou hadst heard him
When first we dragg'd him forth ! [*Then turning to the band.*
Here ! in her presence——

[*He advances with his sword, as about to kill him.* MAURICE
leaps in and stands with his drawn sword between FRAN-
CESCO and the Morescoes.

MAURICE.

Nay, but ye shall not !

OLD MAN.

Shall not ? Hah ? Shall not ?

MAURICE.

What, an unarm'd man ?

A man that never wore a sword ? A priest ?
It is unsoldierly ! I say, ye shall not !

OLD MAN (*turning to the bands*).

He bears himself most like an insolent Spaniard !

MAURICE.

And ye like slaves, that have destroy'd their master,
But know not yet what freedom means ; how holy
And just a thing it is ! He's a fall'n foe !
Come, come, forgive him !

Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of ever more deformity !—

With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;

ALL.

No, by Mahomet !

FRANCESCO.

O mercy, mercy ! talk to them of mercy !

OLD MAN.

Mercy to thee ! No, no, by Mahomet !

MAURICE.

Nay, Mahomet taught mercy and forgiveness.

I am sure he did !

OLD MAN.

Ha ! ha ! forgiveness ! mercy !

MAURICE.

If he did not, he needs it for himself !

ALHADRA.

Blaspheming fool ! the law of Mahomet
Was given by him, who framed the soul of man.
This the best proof—it fits the soul of man !
Ambition, glory, thirst of enterprise,
The deep and stubborn purpose of revenge,
With all the boiling revelries of pleasure—
'These grow in the heart, yea, intertwine their roots
With its minutest fibres ! And that Being
Who made us, laughs to scorn the lying faith,
Whose puny precepts, like a wall of sand,
Would stem the full tide of predestined Nature !

Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.*

I am chill and weary ! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place !

NAOMI (*who turns toward FRANCESCO with his sword*).
Speak !

ALL (*to ALHADRA*).
Speak !

ALHADRA.
Is the murderer of your chieftain dead ?
Now as God liveth, who hath suffer'd him
To make my children orphans, none shall die
Till I have seen his blood !

Off with him to the vessel !
[*A part of the Morescoes hurry him off.*]
The tiger, that with unquench'd cruelty,
Still thirsts for blood, leaps on the hunter's spear
With prodigal courage. 'Tis not so with man.

MAURICE.
It is not so, remember that, my friends !
Cowards are cruel, and the cruel cowards.

ALHADRA.
Scatter yourselves, take each a separate way,
And move in silence to the house of Velez.
[*Exeunt.*
1797.

* The above soliloquy was published in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), under the title of *The Dungeon*.—ED.

But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[*Retires out of sight.*]

Enter TERESA with a taper.

TERESA.

It has chill'd my very life *—my own voice scares
me ;

Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light ! Is he not here ?
[As in a dream I ask, if it be a dream ?]

[*Looking round.*]

O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage !
It is but my own fear ! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward ! Oh !
[*Shudders.*]

If I faint ? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault ?

[*Faintly screams as ALVAR emerges from the
recess, and moves hastily toward her.*]

ALVAR (*rushes towards her, and catches her as
she is falling*).

O gracious heaven ! it is, it is Teresa !

* life-blood—1813.

Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And Joy complete what Terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

TERESA (*recovering, looks round wildly*).

I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—
To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
Murder'd perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!

ALVAR (*eagerly*).

Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.

TERESA (*retires from him, and feebly supports
herself against a pillar of the dungeon*).

Ha! Who art thou?

ALVAR (*exceedingly affected*).

Suborn'd by his brother—

TERESA.

Didst thou murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

ALVAR.

Ordonio—he—

TERESA.

If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee,—prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven !

ALVAR.

Alvar was not murder'd.
Be calm ! be calm, sweet maid !

TERESA (*wildly*).

Nay, nay, but tell me !

[*A pause, then presses her forehead.*

O 'tis lost again !

This dull confused pain—

[*A pause, she gazes at ALVAR.*

Mysterious man !

Methinks I cannot fear thee : for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well ! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart ! And he suborn'd thee,
And thou didst spare his life ? Blessings shower
on thee,

As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa !

ALVAR.

I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon this face.
That picture—

TERESA (*advances towards him*).

Ha ! speak on !

ALVAR.

Beloved Teresa !

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait

Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here !

Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

*[Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.]*TERESA (*receiving the portrait*).

The same—it is the same. Ah ! Who art thou ?

Nay, I will call thee, Alvar ! *[She falls on his neck.]*

ALVAR.

O joy unutterable !

But hark ! a sound as of removing bars

At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while

Conceal thyself, my love ! It is Ordonio.

For the honour of our race, for our dear father ;

O for himself too (he is still my brother)

Let me recall him to his nobler nature,

That he may wake as from a dream of murder !

O let me reconcile him to himself,

Open the sacred source of penitent tears,

And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

TERESA.

O my all virtuous love ! I fear to leave thee

With that obdurate man.

ALVAR.

Thou dost not leave me ;

But a brief while retire into the darkness :

O that my joy could spread its sunshine round
thee !

TERESA.

The sound of thy voice shall be my music !

Alvar ! my Alvar ! am I sure I hold thee ?

Is it no dream ? thee in my arms, my Alvar !

[*They embrace, and she retires.**

[*A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and*

ORDONIO *enters, with a goblet in his hand.*

ORDONIO.

Hail, potent wizard ! in my gayer mood

I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto,†

And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought on thee.‡

§ Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast trick'd me foully ; yet I hate thee not.

Why should I hate thee ? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain, ||

And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament ;

* The above Scene was not in the original draught of the play.—ED.

† to oblivion—1813.

‡ Here in the original sketch of the play Albert interposes,
“in a low voice:”—

I have not summon'd up my heart to give

That pang which I must give thee, son of Velez !—1797.

§ (*With affected levity*)—1797. (*With affected gravity*)

1813,

|| It is a puddle in a storm of rain—1797.

And when one bubble runs foul of another,
 [*waving his hand to* ALVAR.
 The weaker* needs must break.

ALVAR.

I see thy heart !

There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
 Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
 This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,†
 Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
 And quell each human feeling.

ORDONIO.

Feeling ! feeling !

The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
 'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes ;
 But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
 If willingly I e'er inflicted them !
 Come, take the beverage ; this chill place demands
 it.‡ [ORDONIO *proffers the goblet.*

ALVAR.

Yon insect on the wall,
 Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,§

* The lesser—1797—1813.

† Crazy-conscienced man,
 This is the gaiety of drunken anguish—1797.

This is the wildness of a drunken anguish—1813.

‡ “Friendship and wine!” adds Osorio, in the original sketch of the play, before proffering the goblet.

§ legs—1797.

Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing !
But it has life, Ordonio ! life, enjoyment ! *
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends !
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
I would remove it with an anxious pity ! †

ORDONIO.

What meanest thou ?

ALVAR.

There's poison in the wine.

ORDONIO.

Thou hast guess'd right ; there's poison in the
wine.

There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink
it ? ‡

For one of us must die !

ALVAR.

Whom dost thou think me ?

ORDONIO.

The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

* life and thought—1797.

† with an eager terror—*ib.*

‡ Shall we throw dice which of us two shall drink it ?—*ib.*

ALVAR.

I know him not.
And yet methinks, I have heard the name but
lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?
Isidore ? Isidore ?

ORDONIO.

Good ! good ! that lie ! by heaven it has restored
me.
Now I am thy master ! Villain ! thou shalt drink
it,
Or die a bitterer death.

ALVAR.

What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep ?
[ALVAR takes the goblet, and throws it to the
ground.]

My master !

ORDONIO.

Thou mountebank !

ALVAR.

Mountebank and villain !
What then art thou ? For shame, put up thy
sword !
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm ?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest !
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction !
Thou blind self-worshipper ! thy pride, thy cunning,

Thy faith in universal villany,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them !
What have they done for thee ? have they given
thee peace ?

Cured thee of starting in thy sleep ? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wakest at mid-
night ?

Art happy when alone ? Canst walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness ?

Yet, yet thou may'st be saved—

ORDONIO (*vacantly repeating the word*).

Saved ? saved ?

ALVAR.

One pang !

Could I call up one pang of true Remorse !

ORDONIO.

He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones ! Remorse ! remorse !
Where gott'st thou that fool's word ? Curse on Re-
morse !

Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body ? mangled—dash'd to atoms !
Not all the blessings of a host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse !
And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear !

ALVAR.

But Alvar—

[*Almost overcome by his feelings.*

ORDONIO.

Ha ! it chokes thee in the throat,
Even thee ; and yet I pray thee speak it out.
Still Alvar !—Alvar—howl it in mine ear !
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain !

ALVAR.

Alas !

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand ; then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar !
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him : Heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert ! Why didst thou hate him !
O heaven ! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness !

ORDONIO.

Spirit of the dead !
Methinks I know thee ! ha ! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams !—off—off, fantastic shadow !

ALVAR (*seizing his hand*).

I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not !

ORDONIO.

Cheat ! villain ! traitor ! whatsoe'er thou be—
I fear thee, man ! *

* I fear thee, man !

[*He starts, and stands in the attitude of listening.*
And is *this* too my madness ?

TERESA (*rushing out and falling on ALVAR'S neck*).

Ordonio ! 'tis thy brother !

[ORDONIO *with frantic wildness runs upon ALVAR with his sword. TERESA flings herself on ORDONIO and arrests his arm.*

Stop, madman, stop !

ALBERT.

It is the step of one that treads in fear
Seeking to cheat the echo.

OSORIO.

It approaches—

This nook shall hide me.

MARIA *enters from a plank which slips to and fro.*

MARIA.

I have put aside

The customs and the terrors of a woman,
To work out thy escape. Stranger ! begone,
And only tell me what thou know'st of Albert.

[ALBERT *takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her with unutterable tenderness.*

ALBERT.

Maria ! my Maria !

MARIA.

Do not mock me.

This is my face—and thou—ha ! who art thou ?

Nay, I will call thee Albert !

[*She falls upon his neck. OSORIO leaps out from the nook with frantic wildness, and rushes towards ALBERT with his sword. MARIA gazes at him, as one helpless with terror, then leaves ALBERT, and flings herself upon OSORIO, arresting his arm.*—1797.

ALVAR.

Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds,
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marr'd perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt! *

Ordonio—brother!

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

ORDONIO (*drawing back and gazing at ALVAR
with a countenance of at once awe
and terror*).

Touch me not!

Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword, ALVAR and
TERESA prevent him.*]

ALVAR.

We will find means to save your honour.† Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs!

TERESA.

And you may yet be happy.

ORDONIO.

O horror! not a thousand years in heaven

* In the original draught of the play, he continues:—

Spotless Maria,

I thought thee guilty too!—1797.

† We will invent some tale to save your honour.—*it.*

Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy !
Live ! live ! Why yes ! 'Twere well to live with you :
For is it fit a villain should be proud ?
My brother ! I will kneel to you, my brother !

[*Kneeling.*

Forgive me, Alvar !—Curse me with forgiveness !

ALVAR.

Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee !
Now is the time for greatness ! Think that heaven—

TERESA.

O mark his eye ! he hears not what you say.

ORDONIO (*pointing at vacancy*).

Yes, mark his eye ! there's fascination in it !
Thou said'st thou didst not know him—That is he !
He comes upon me !

ALVAR.

Heal, O heal him, heaven !

ORDONIO.

Nearer and nearer ! and I cannot stir !
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me ?
He would have died to save me, and I kill'd him—
A husband and a father !—

TERESA.

Some secret poison

Drinks up his spirit !

ORDONIO (*fiercely recollecting himself*).

Let the Eternal Justice

Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony !
And be myself alone my own sore torment !

*[The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and
in rush ALHADRA, and the band of Morescoes.]*

ALHADRA.

Seize first that man !

[ALVAR presses onward to defend ORDONIO.]

ORDONIO.

Off, ruffians ! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine ! to thee I give it !
Off ! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder ! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

ALHADRA.

My husband—

ORDONIO.

Yes, I murder'd him most foully.

ALVAR *and* TERESA.

O horrible !

ALHADRA.

Why didst thou leave his children ?
Demon, thou should'st have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood. 'Then, then I might have
 harden'd
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning

For a deep horror of desolation,*
 Too great to be one soul's particular lot !
 Brother of Zagri ! let me lean upon thee.

[*Struggling to suppress her feelings.*

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
 I have not seen his blood—Within an hour
 Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
 Where is our father ? I shall curse thee then !
 Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee
 thence !

TERESA.†

He doth repent ! See, see, I kneel to thee !
 O let him live ! that aged man, his father—

* For the deep horror of a desolation—1797-1813.

†

MARIA.

See—see ! he doth repent. I kneel to thee.
 Be merciful.

[*MARIA kneels to her. ALHADRA regards her face wistfully.*

ALHADRA.

Thou art young and innocent ;
 'Twere merciful to kill thee ! Yet I will not.
 And for thy sake none of this house shall perish,
 Save only he.

MARIA.

That aged man, his father !

ALHADRA (*sternly*).

Why had he such a son ? [The Moors press on

MARIA (*still kneeling, and wild with affright*).

Yet spare his life !

They must not murder him !

ALHADRA.

Why had he such a son?

[*Shouts from the distance of, Rescue! Rescue!*

Alvar! Alvar! *and the voice of VALDEZ heard.*

Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—

The deed be mine! [*Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.*

Now take my life!

ORDONIO (*staggering from the wound*).

Atonement!

ALHADRA.

And is it then

An enviable lot to waste away

With inward wounds, and like the spirit of chaos

To wander on disquietly thro' the earth,

Cursing all lovely things? to let him live—

It were a deep revenge!

All the band cry out—“No mercy! no mercy!”

[*NAOMI advances with the sword towards OSORIO.*

ALHADRA.

Nay, bear him forth! Why should this innocent maid

Behold the ugliness of death?

OSORIO (*with great majesty*).

O woman!

I have stood silent like a slave before thee, &c.—1797.

In the first edition of *Remorse*, after the cry of “No mercy!” “Naomi advances with the sword and Alhadra snatches it from him and suddenly stabs Ordonio. Alvar rushes through the Moors and catches him in his arms.” After Ordonio's dying speech, there are “shouts of Alvar! Alvar! behind the scenes. A Moor rushes in.”

MOOR.

We are surprised! Away! away! this instant!

ALVAR (*while with TERESA supporting*
ORDONIO).

Arm of avenging Heaven,
Thou hast snatch'd from me my most cherish'd
hope—

But go ! my word was pledged to thee.

ORDONIO.

Away !

Brave not my father's rage ! I thank thee ! Thou—

[*Then turning his eyes languidly to ALVAR.*

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore !

I stood in silence like a slave before her

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

And satiate this self-accusing heart

With bitterer agonies than death can give.

Forgive me, Alvar !

Oh ! couldst thou forget me ! [*Dies.*

[ALVAR and TERESA bend over the body of

ORDONIO.

The country is in arms ! Lord Valdez heads them,

And still cries out, "My son ! my Alvar lives !"

Haste to the shore ! they come the opposite road.

Your wives and children are already safe.

The boat is on the shore—the vessel waits.

ALHADRA.

Thou then art Alvar ? to my aid and safety

Thy word stands pledged.

ALVAR.

Arm of avenging Heaven !

I had two cherish'd hopes—the one remains,

The other thou hast snatch'd from me : but my word

Is pledged to thee ; nor shall it be retracted.—1813.

ALHADRA (*to the Moors*).

I thank thee, Heaven ! thou hast ordain'd it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That
point

In misery, which makes the oppressed man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the oppressor's—Knew I a hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world ;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath
them ;

The strong holds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers
should fall ;

Till desolation seem'd a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the spirit of life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer ! *

[ALHADRA *hurries off with the Moors ; the stage
fills with armed peasants, and servants, ZULI-
MEZ and VALDEZ at their head. VALDEZ
rushes into ALVAR'S arms.*

ALVAR.

Turn not thy face that way, my father ! hide
O hide it from his eye ! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.
[*Both kneel to VALDEZ.*

* Here ended the original draught of the play.—ED.

VALDEZ.

My Son ! my Alvar ! bless, oh bless him, heaven !

TERESA.

Me too, my father ?

VALDEZ.

Bless, oh bless my children !
[*Both rise.*

ALVAR.

Delights so full, if unalloy'd with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listen'd to ; but if repell'd with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she re-appears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears !
Still bids, Remember ! and still cries, Too late !
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

EPILOGUE.*

*Written by the Author, and spoken by MISS SMITH in
the character of TERESA.*

Oh ! the procrastinating idle rogue,
The Poet has just sent his Epilogue ;
Ay, 'tis just like him !—and the *hand* !
[*Poring over the manuscript.*
The stick !

I could as soon decipher Arabic !
But, hark ! my wizard's own poetic elf
Bids me take courage, and make one myself !
An heiress, and with sighing swains in plenty
From blooming nineteen to full-blown five-and-
twenty,
Life beating high, and youth upon the wing,
“ A six years' absence was a heavy thing ! ”
Heavy !—nay, let's describe things as they are,
With sense and nature 'twas at open war—
Mere affectation to be singular.
Yet ere you overflow in condemnation,
Think first of poor Teresa's education ;
Mid mountains wild, near billow-beaten rocks,

* Printed in the *Morning Chronicle*, Thursday, January
28, 1813.

Where sea-gales play'd with her dishevel'd locks,
Bred in the spot where first to light she sprung,
With no Academies for ladies young—
Academies—(sweet phrase !) that well may claim
From Plato's sacred grove th' appropriate name !
No morning visits, no sweet waltzing dances—
And then for reading—what but huge romances,
With as stiff morals, leaving earth behind 'em,
As the brass-clasp'd, brass-corner'd boards that
bind 'em.

Knights, chaste as brave, who strange adventures
seek,

And faithful loves of ladies, fair as meek ;
Or saintly hermits' wonder-raising acts,
Instead of—novels founded upon facts !
Which, decently immoral, have the art
To spare the blush, and undersap the heart !
Oh, think of these, and hundreds worse than
these,

Dire disimproving disadvantages,
And grounds for pity, not for blame, you'll see,
E'en in Teresa's six years' constancy.

[*Looking at the manuscript.*]

But stop ! what's this ?—Our Poet bids me say,
That he has woo'd your feelings in this Play
By no too real woes, that make you groan,
Recalling kindred griefs, perhaps your own,
Yet with no image compensate the mind,
Nor leave one joy for memory behind.
He'd wish no loud laugh, from the sly, shrewd
sneer,

To unsettle from your eyes the quiet tear
That Pity had brought, and Wisdom would leave
there.

Now calm he waits your judgment ! (win or miss),
By no loud plaudits saved, damn'd by no factious
hiss.

ZAPOLYA:
A CHRISTMAS TALE. IN TWO PARTS.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1817.]

[*Zapolya : A Christmas Tale, in Two Parts : The Prelude
entitled The Usurper's Fortune ; and the Sequel entitled The
Usurper's Fate.* By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. London : Printed
for Rest Fenner, Paternoster-row, 1817.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the *Winter's Tale* of Shakespeare, except that I have called the first part a *Prelude* instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the *Æschylean Trilogy* of the *Agamemnon*, the *Orestes*, and *Eumenides*. Though a matter of form merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the time of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i. e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

CHARACTERS.

EMERICK, *Usurping King of Illyria.*

RAAB KIUPRILI, *an Illyrian Chieftain.*

CASIMIR, *Son of KIUPRILI.*

CHEF RAGOZZI, *a Military Commander.*

ZAPOLYA, *Queen of Illyria.*

ZAPOLYA.

PART I.

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED "THE USURPER'S
FORTUNE."

SCENE I.—*Front of a Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace.*

CHEF RAGOZZI, *at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.*

RAGOZZI.

My eyes deceive me not, it must be he.
Who but our chief, my more than father, who
But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait?
Lo ! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron ! my commander ! yes, 'tis he !
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.
[*Drums beat, &c., the Guard turns out.*

Enter RAAB KIUPRILI.

KIUPRILI (*making a signal to stop the drums, &c.*).

Silence ! enough ! This is no time, young friend,

For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,
Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's
clatter,
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
Soldiers, 'tis well ! retire ! your General greets
you,
His loyal fellow-warriors. [Guards retire.]

RAGOZZI.

Pardon my surprise.
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended !
What may these wonders prophesy ?

KIUPRILI.

Tell me first,
How fares the king ? His majesty still lives ?

RAGOZZI.

We know no otherwise ; but Emerick's friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

KIUPRILI.

Ragozzi ! I have rear'd thee from a child,
And as a child I have rear'd thee. Whence this air
Of mystery ? That face was wont to open
Clear as the morning to me, showing all things.
Hide nothing from me.

RAGOZZI.

O most loved, most honour'd,
The mystery that struggles in my looks
Betray'd my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant ; but fear the worst.
And mystery is contagious. All things here

Are full of motion : and yet all is silent :
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

KIUPRILI (*his hand to his heart*).

I have trembling proof within how true thou
speak'st.

RAGOZZI.

That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders' debts,
And (it is whisper'd) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast
heard

All—— (*then in a subdued and saddened voice.*)

But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

KIUPRILI.

Ha ! well then, let it come ! Worse scarce can
come.

This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal Andreas calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Robb'd of Zapolya's soothing cares, the king
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

RAGOZZI.

Remember you, my lord ! that Hebrew leech
Whose face so much distemper'd you ?

KIUPRILI.

Barzoni ?

I held him for a spy ; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself),
I sent him from the camp.

RAGOZZI.

To him in chief
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

KIUPRILI.

Hide nothing, I conjure you ! What of him ?

RAGOZZI.

With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and
whispers ;
Talks in dark words of women's fancies ; hints
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,
However vain, that soothes him : and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

KIUPRILI.

The venomous snake ! My heel was on its head,
And (fool !) I did not crush it !

RAGOZZI.

Nay, he fears
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

KIUPRILI.

Manifest treason ! Even this brief delay
Half makes me an accomplice——(If he live,)
[Is moving toward the palace.]
If he but live and know me, all may——

RAGOZZI.

Halt ! [*Stops him.*

On pain of death, my Lord ! am I commanded
To stop all ingress to the palace.

KIUPRILI.

Thou !

RAGOZZI.

No place, no name, no rank, excepted—

KIUPRILI.

Thou !

RAGOZZI.

This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili !
I give it as a weapon to thy hands,
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
Useless to thee, 'tis worthless to myself.
Thou art the framer of my nobler being ;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace
Is guarded from within, that each access
Is throng'd by arm'd conspirators, watch'd by
ruffians
Pamper'd with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them.
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee !

KIUPRILI.

My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fall'n Illyria, stand I here spell-bound ?

Did my King love me? Did I earn his love?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace?
Was I his arm, his thunder-bolt? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful?

RAGOZZI.

Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.

KIUPRILI.

Hark, Ragozzi!

Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice
 in flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and fear'd no
 longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?

*[Black flag displayed from the tower of the
Palace: a death-bell tolls, &c.]*

Vengeance of heaven! He is dead.

RAGOZZI.

At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death-flags are but treason's
 signals.

KIUPRILI (*looking forwards anxiously*).

A prophecy too soon fulfill'd ! See yonder !
O rank and ravenous wolves ! the death-bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see ! they come.

RAGOZZI.

Precise and faithful in their villainy
Even to the moment that the master traitor
Had pre-ordain'd them.

KIUPRILI.

Was it over haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense ?

RAGOZZI.

Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd !
Heaven's justice
Bought like themselves !

[*During this conversation music is heard,
first solemn and funeral, and then chang-
ing to spirited and triumphal.*

Being equal all in crime,
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides !
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt ?

KIUPRILI.

The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi !

[*Musing to himself, then—*
Ragozzi, I applaud,

In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.

Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt
thee :

I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.
Mine is an easier part—to brave the usurper.

*[Enter a procession of Emerick's adherents,
nobles, chieftains, and soldiers, with music.
They advance toward the front of the stage.
KIUPRILI makes the signal for them to
stop.—The music ceases.]*

LEADER OF THE PROCESSION.

The Lord Kiuprili !—Welcome from the camp.

KIUPRILI.

Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honourable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourn'd ; but chiefly
To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas
And shield the Queen, Zapolya : haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

LEADER.

Our purpose demands speed. Grace our proces-
sion ;
A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

KIUPRILI.

This patent written by your lawful king,

(Lo ! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

[*Voices of Live King Emerick ! an Emerick !
an Emerick !*

What means this clamour ? Are these madmen's
voices ?

Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a lie black as Hell, unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason ?

[*Murmurs.*

What mean these murmurs ? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor ?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter ?

[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries—Emerick !
No Baby Prince ! No changelings !*

Yet bear with me awhile ! Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquer'd for your honour ?
Was it for this, Illyrians, that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stain'd its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not ? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numb'd,
Till my hard flesh distinguish'd not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior ?
And have I brought home with me Victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace,

Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charm'd a goddess down from Heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation !

*[Murmurs increase—and cries of Onward !
Onward !*

Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear ? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold pluck'd from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

*During the last four lines enter Lord CASIMIR,
with expressions of anger and alarm.*

CASIMIR.

Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick ?

[Starts—then approaching with timid respect.
My father !

KIUPRILI *(turning away)*.

Casimir ! He, he a traitor !
Too soon, indeed, Ragozzi ! have I learnt it. *[Aside.*

CASIMIR *(with reverence)*.

My father and my lord !

KIUPRILI.

I know thee not !

LEADER.

Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

KIUPRILI.

A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

CASIMIR.

O hear me, sire ! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful : and of all our nobles,
The king, inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honour'd us the most. Your rank, my lord !
Already eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirm'd : and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

KIUPRILI.

(Bought by a bribe !) I know thee now still less.

CASIMIR (*struggling with his passion*).

So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonour'd me.

KIUPRILI.

The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave,
Guilt's pander, Treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
And scream, Long live king Emerick !

LEADERS.

Ay, king Emerick !
Stand back, my lord ! Lead us, or let us pass.

SOLDIER.

Nay, let the general speak !

SOLDIERS.

Hear him ! hear him !

KIUPRILI.

Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me ! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honour'd by the king ;
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe ?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear ?
Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended ?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought, bribed wretch, who, being call'd my son,
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave ?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage ? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate !

CASIMIR.

Sire ! your words grow dangerous.
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem

Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue
To guard his country's safety by what means
It best may be protected—come what will
Of these monk's morals !

KIUPRILI (*aside*).

Ha ! the elder Brutus
Made his soul iron, though his sons repented.
They boasted not their baseness.

[*Starts, and draws his sword.*

Infamous changeling !

Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will ;
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
Thou diest——

[*Chiefs, &c. rush to interpose ; during the
tumult, enter EMERICK, alarmed.*

EMERICK.

Call out the guard ! Ragozzi ! seize the assassin.——
Kiuprili ? Ha !——

[*With lowered voice, at the same time with one
hand making signs to the guard to retire.*

Pass on, friends ! to the palace.

[*Music recommences. — The Procession passes
into the Palace. During which time
EMERICK and KIUPRILI regard each other
steadfastly.*

EMERICK.

What ? Raab Kiuprili ? What ? a father's sword
Against his own son's breast ?

KIUPRILI.

'Twould best excuse him,
Were he thy son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

EMERICK.

This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath call'd me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house.

KIUPRILI.

What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow
them ?

EMERICK.

By what right dares Kiuprili question me ?

KIUPRILI.

By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To me a duty ! As the realm's co-regent,
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
Writ by himself.— [*Grasping the Patent.*

EMERICK (*with a contemptuous sneer*).

Ay !—writ in a delirium !

KIUPRILI.

I likewise ask, by whose authority
The access to the sovereign was refused me ?

EMERICK.

By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive ?

KIUPRILI.

A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death !
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements
To be belated in a loyal purpose—
At the command, Prince ! of my king and thine,
Hither I came ; and now again require
Audience of Queen Zapolya ; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost show at large,
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul
This thy King's last and solemn act—hast dared
Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee a protector.

EMERICK.

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning !
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherish'd, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed thee foremost.

KIUPRILI.

Prince ! I listen.

EMERICK.

Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Madden'd with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

CASIMIR.

Sire ! speak the whole truth ! Say, her frauds
detected !

EMERICK.

According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician—

KIUPRILI (*aside*).

Yes ! the Jew, Barzoni !

EMERICK.

Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

CASIMIR (*to* KIUPRILI).

Trust me, my lord ! a woman's trick has duped
you—

Us too—but most of all the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the States convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.

EMERICK.

Right, Casimir !

Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims ;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past pass'd by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblench'd honours,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick ! you speak fairly, and your pledge
too

Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

CASIMIR.

My lord ! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.

The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgency, woo'd and won for
me.

EMERICK.

Long may the race, and long may that name
flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have render'd
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

KIUPRILI (*sternly*).

The longest line that ever tracing herald
Or found or feign'd, placed by a beggar's soul,
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison :
And with the soul the conscience is coeval,
Yea, the soul's essence.

EMERICK.

Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance

And the blind law of lineage ? That whether
 infant,
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless Nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless ?
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull ?

CASIMIR.

What better claim can sovereign wish or need
Than the free voice of men who love their country ?
Those chiefly who have fought for't ? who by right,
Claim for their monarch one, who having obey'd,
So hath best learnt to govern ; who having suffer'd,
Can feel for each brave sufferer, and reward him ?
Whence sprang the name of Emperor ? Was it not
By Nature's fiat ? In the storm of triumph,
'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
Make itself heard : Let the commanding spirit
Possess the station of command !

KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick,
Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

EMERICK (*aside to CASIMIR*).

Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit !
Bind him to us !—Thy father thaws apace !

[*Then aloud.*]

Leave us awhile, my lord !—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.

[CASIMIR *retires to the Guard-house ; and
after a time appears before it with* CHEF
RAGOZZI.

We are alone.

What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili ?
Then, with your assent——

KIUPRILI.

Mistake not for assent

The unquiet silence of a stern resolve
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee,
Prince !

And I have watch'd thee, too ; but have small
faith in

A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

[EMERICK *turns as about to call for the Guard.*

In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.

EMERICK.

Ha, ha !—Well, sir !—Conclude your homily.

KIUPRILI (*in a somewhat suppressed
voice*).

A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.

The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care

And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne !—Mark how the scorpion,
falsehood,
Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head !

EMERICK.

Ay ! to the mark !

KIUPRILI (*aloud : he and EMERICK standing at equi-distance from the Palace and the Guard-house*).

Hadst thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou
fancied

Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Wouldst thou have pilfer'd from our school-boys'
themes

These shallow sophisms of a popular choice ?
What people ? How convened ? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them ? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick !
By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will, to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task

And the true patriot's glory ! In all else
Men safer trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when return'd.

EMERICK (*aloud*).

Is't thus thou scoff'st the people ? most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people ?

KIUPRILI (*aloud*).

O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom the Imperial power, enormous bubble !
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shatter'd
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery !
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors)
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and Court, a venom'd thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess ! But with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth ? What
merits

Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee ? If a life outlabour'd
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,
For the land's fame and weal ; if large acquests,
Made honest by the aggression of the foe,
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety ;
If victory, doubly-wreath'd, whose under-garland

Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Thro' the gray olive-branch ; if these, Prince
Emerick !

Give the true title to the throne, not thou—
No ! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
Be judge and arbiter between us !) I,
I were the rightful sovereign !

EMERICK.

I have faith
That thou both think'st and hopest it. Fair Zapolya,
A provident lady—

KIUPRILI.

Wretch beneath all answer !

EMERICK.

Offers at once the royal bed and throne !

KIUPRILI.

To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be king ; but see ! thy rage
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee ! Ho !
[*To the Guard.*]

EMERICK.

Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian !
Thus long I have listen'd—Guard—ho ! from the
palace.

[*The Guard post from the Guard-house with
CHEF RAGOZZI at their head, and then a
number from the Palace—CHEF RAGOZZI de-
mands KIUPRILI'S sword and apprehends him.*]

CASIMIR.

O agony !

(To EMERICK.)

Sire, hear me !

(To KIUPRILI, *who turns from him.*)

Hear me, father !

EMERICK.

Take in arrest that traitor and assassin !
Who pleads for his life, strikes at mine, his sove-
reign's.

KIUPRILI.

As the Co-regent of the realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion
Of murder—

EMERICK.

Hence with the madman !

KIUPRILI.

Your Queen's murder,
The Royal orphan's murder : and to the death
Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[Hurried off by RAGOZZI and the Guard.]

EMERICK.

Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged.

CASIMIR.

O banish him !

This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege lord !

EMERICK (*scornfully*).

What? to the army?
Be calm, young friend ! Nought shall be done in
anger.

The child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence
I must take counsel for us both. Retire.

[*Exit CASIMIR in agitation.*

EMERICK (*alone, looks at a Calendar*).

The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon :
And my bright destiny, with sharpen'd horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*Changes to another view, namely, the back of
the Palace—a wooded park and mountains.*

Enter ZAPOLYA, with an infant in arms.

ZAPOLYA.

Hush, dear one ! hush ! my trembling arm disturbs
thee !

Thou, the protector of the helpless ! thou,
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,

Direct my steps ! Ah whither ? O send down
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness !
Hush, sweet one ! thou art no Hagar's offspring :
 thou art

The rightful heir of an anointed king !
What sounds are those ? It is the vesper chant
Of labouring men returning to their home !
Their queen has no home ! Hear me, heavenly
 Father !

And let this darkness—

Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us ! Start'st thou in thy slum-
 bers ?

Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush !
Betray not thy poor mother ! For if they seize
 thee

I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha ! what ? A soldier ?
 [She starts back, and enter CHEF RAGOZZI.]

RAGOZZI.

Sure Heaven befriends us. Well ! he hath escaped !
O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking hole in the heart. " Ragozzi !
O brave Ragozzi ! Count ! Commander ! What
 not ? "

And all this too for nothing ! a poor nothing !
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili ! His own son—
 monstrous !

Tyrant ! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too
A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen :
Heaven bless and guard her !

ZAPOLYA (*coming fearfully forward*).

Art thou not Ragozzi ?

RAGOZZI.

The Queen ! Now then the miracle is full !
I see Heaven's wisdom is an over-match
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste !

ZAPOLYA.

Stay ! Oh, no ! Forgive me if I wrong thee !
This is thy sovereign's child : Oh, pity us,
And be not treacherous ! [*Kneeling*.

RAGOZZI (*raising her*).

Madam ! for mercy's sake !

ZAPOLYA.

But tyrants have a hundred eyes and arms !

RAGOZZI.

Take courage, madam ! 'Twere too horrible,
(I cannot do't) to swear I'm not a monster !—
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

ZAPOLYA.

Kiuprili ! How ?

RAGOZZI.

There is not time to tell it,—

The tyrant call'd me to him, praised my zeal—
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning
And seem'd right zealous.) But time wastes : in
fine,

Bids me despatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flash'd on me. I disguised my prisoner—

ZAPOLYA.

What, Raab Kiuprili?

RAGOZZI.

Yes ! my noble general !
I sent him off, with Emerick's own packet,
Haste, and post haste—prepared to follow him—

ZAPOLYA.

Ah, how ? Is it joy or fear ? my limbs seem
sinking !—

RAGOZZI (*supporting her*).

Heaven still be-friends us. I have left my charger,
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's
guesses,

Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main
road

The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy !

ZAPOLYA.

One brief moment,
That praying for strength I may have strength.

This babe,
Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing !
Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought
possess'd me,

When the loud clamour rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(they sought my life, Ragozzi !)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord—

(Then to the infant.)

And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer !
Still clasp'd'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seem'd pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven !
Lo ! I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound
perishes,

Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it—
But Andreas framed it not ! He was no tyrant !

RAGOZZI.

Haste, madam ! Let me take this precious burden !
[He kneels as he takes the child.]

ZAPOLYA.

Take him ! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,

Flee thou and leave me ! Flee and save thy king !

[*Then as going off, she looks back on the palace.*

Thou tyrant's den, be call'd no more a palace !

The orphàn's angel at the throne of heaven

Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee

A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.

Henceforth a dragon's haunt, Fear and Suspicion

Stand sentry at thy portals ! Faith and Honour,

Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted

And, for the iniquity that houses in thee, [nation :

False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine

(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets),

Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers

Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,

And when they cry: " Lo ! a male child is born !"

The mother shall make answer with a groan.

For bloody Usurpation, like a vulture,

Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.

Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,

They shall be mock'd with sounds of liberty,

And liberty shall be proclaim'd alone

To thee, O Fire ! O Pestilence ! O Sword !

Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatch'd

hence, [Again to the infant.

Poor friendless fugitive ! with mother's wailing,

Offspring of royal Andreas, shalt return,

With trump and timbrel-clang, and popular shout,*

In triumph to the palace of thy fathers ! [*Exeunt.*

* This line is reproduced (perhaps unconsciously) from the suppressed conclusion of *Lines composed in a Concert-Room* (see vol. ii. p. 185).—ED.



ZAPOLYA.

THE SEQUEL ENTITLED THE "USURPER'S
FATE."

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

OLD BATHORY, *a Mountaineer.*

BETHLEN BATHORY, *the young Prince Andreas, supposed son of Old BATHORY.*

LORD RUDOLPH, *a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.*

LASKA, *Steward to CASIMIR, betrothed to GLYCINE.*

*PESTALUTZ, *an Assassin, in EMERICK'S employ.*

LADY SAROLTA, *Wife of LORD CASIMIR.*

GLYCINE, *Orphan Daughter of CHEF RAGOZZI.*

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which EMERICK remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

* This name is borrowed from Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein" (see vol. iii. pp. 359, 360).—ED.

USURPATION ENDED ; OR, SHE
COMES AGAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Mountainous country. Bathory's
dwelling at the end of the stage.*

Enter LADY SAROLTA and GLYCINE.

GLYCINE.

Well then ! our round of charity is finish'd.
Rest, Madam ! You breathe quick.

SAROLTA.

What, tired, Glycine ?

No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
The good strength Nature gave me.

GLYCINE.

That last cottage

Is built as if an eagle or a raven
Had chosen it for her nest.

SAROLTA.

So many are
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. Well ! let us rest.

GLYCINE.

There ?

[Pointing to Bathory's dwelling. SAROLTA answering, points to where she then stands.]

SAROLTA.

Here ! For on this spot Lord Casimir
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge
I lost the misty image which so long
Linger'd, or seem'd at least to linger on it.

GLYCINE.

And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord return'd
From his high embassy ?

SAROLTA.

Thou hast hit my thought !
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope flutter'd about my heart.
Oh we are querulous creatures ! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy ;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

GLYCINE.

But our best sports belike, and gay processions

Would to my lord have seem'd but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.

SAROLTA.

I have small wish to see them. A spring morning
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orb'd drop an orb of glory in it)
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retire-
ment

Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred :
But, in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command what I had else entreated.

GLYCINE.

And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——

SAROLTA.

Hush ! innocent flatterer !

GLYCINE.

Nay ! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

SAROLTA.

So doth the ignorant distance still delude us !
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods !

Well ! but this broil that scared you from the
dance ?

And was not Laska there—he, your betrothed ?

GLYCINE.

Yes, madam ! he was there. So was the maypole,
For we danced round it.

SAROLTA.

Ah, Glycine ! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself ?

GLYCINE.

Because
My own dear lady wish'd it ! 'twas you ask'd me !

SAROLTA.

Yes, at my lord's request, but never wish'd,
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou know'st not yet the duties of a wife.

GLYCINE.

Oh, yes ! It is a wife's chief duty, madam !
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.

SAROLTA.

Not with fear, I think,
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the
cottage.

[*Exit GLYCINE into the cottage, SAROLTA con-
tinues her speech looking after her.*]

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,

And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee !
Thou art a soldier's orphan ! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee !
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct !

[Angry voices and clamour within.]*

Re-enter GLYCINE.

GLYCINE.

Oh, madam ! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man ! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And, in mere spite and malice, now they charge
him

With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam ! This way ! this
way !

Lady Sarolta's here.—

[Calling without.]

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.

* without—1817.

LASKA (*to BATHORY*).

We have no concern with you ! What needs your presence ?

BATHORY.

What ! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
To be slander'd by a set of coward ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice !—
To tell its own tale ?

[LASKA *and servants bow to Lady SAROLTA*.

SAROLTA.

Laska ! What may this mean ?

LASKA (*pompously, as commencing a set speech*).

Madam ! and may it please your ladyship !
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir :
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover—

SAROLTA.

Be brief ! we know his titles !

LASKA.

And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants ;
Yea, insolently tore from this your huntsman
His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.

SAROLTA (*to the servants who offer to speak*).

You have had your spokesman !
Where is the young man thus accused ?

BATHORY.

I know not :
But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent !

SAROLTA.

Thou art his father ?

BATHORY.

None ever with more reason prized a son :
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witness'd the affray, besides these men of malice ;
And if I swerve from truth—

GLYCINE.

Yes ! good old man !
My lady ! pray believe him !

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine !
Be silent, I command you.

(*Then to BATHORY.*)

Speak ! we hear you !

BATHORY.

My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offer'd gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He (could he do less ?)

Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,
(Your hectoring sparks so over brave to women
Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.

SAROLTA.

Old man ! you talk
Too bluntly ! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house ?

BATHORY.

Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs !

LASKA.

Old insolent ruffian !

GLYCINE.

Pardon ! pardon, madam !
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady !—You, yourself,
Laska ! know well, that these men were the ruf-
fians !
Shame on you !

SAROLTA (*speaks with affected anger*).

What ! Glycine ? go, retire !

[*Exit GLYCINE mournfully.*

Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,

Might have complain'd to us. Was ever access
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?

BATHORY.

So then! so then! Heaven grant an old man
patience!

And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?

LASKA.

Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!
I will report her further will!

SAROLTA.

Wait then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!

(Then speaks to the servants.)

Hence! leave my presence! and you, Laska! mark
me!

Those rioters are no longer of my household!
If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose,
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
Restore the tear of wounded modesty
To a maiden's eye familiarized to licence.—
But these men, Laska—

LASKA *(aside)*.

Yes, now 'tis coming.

SAROLTA.

Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger
Stamps them most dangerous ; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them ! You, Bathory,
Are henceforth of my household ! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns,
Present him to us.

BATHORY.

Ha ! what strangers * here !
What business have they in an old man's eye ?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I cannot—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but—

(*Then to SAROLTA aside.*)

—not for all ears !

SAROLTA.

I oft have pass'd your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April shower'd aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall show it me ! And, while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness

* Refers to the tear which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion*.—[Note by S. T. C.]

The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.

[BATHORY *bowing, shows her into his cottage.*

LASKA (*alone*).

Vexation ! baffled ! school'd !
Ho ! Laska ! wake ! why ? what can all this mean ?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger !
Oh the false witch ! It is too plain, she loves him.
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly !

[LASKA *flings himself into the seat.*

GLYCINE *peeps in timidly.*

GLYCINE.

Laska ! Laska !

Is my lady gone ?

LASKA (*surlily*).

Gone.

GLYCINE.

Have you yet seen him ?

Is he return'd ? [LASKA *starts up from his seat.*

Has the seat stung you, Laska ?

LASKA.

No, serpent ! no ; 'tis you that sting me ; you !
What ! you would cling to him again ?

GLYCINE.

Whom ?

LASKA.

Bethlen ! Bethlen !

LASKA.

Stop ! stop ! one question only—
I am quite calm—

GLYCINE.

Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have marr'd the verse : well ! this one
question—

LASKA.

Are you not bound to me by your own promise ?
And is it not as plain—

GLYCINE.

Halt ! that's two questions.

LASKA.

Pshaw ! Is it not as plain as impudence
That you're in love with this young swaggering
beggar,
Bethlen Bathory ? When he was accused,
Why press'd you forward ? Why did you defend him ?

GLYCINE.

Question meet question : that's a woman's privilege.
Why, Laska, did you urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me ?

LASKA.

So then, you say, Lady Sarolta forced you ?

GLYCINE.

Could I look up to her dear countenance,

And say her nay? As far back as I wot of
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.

LASKA.

Not one for Bethlen?

GLYCINE.

Oh! that's a different thing.
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for loving him—
Nay, there, indeed you are mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I grieve for him;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats; and all because I dream'd
That the war-wolf* had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest!

LASKA.

You dare own all this?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pamper'd miss! you shall be; and I'll make
you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my
fingers
Tingle already! [Makes threatening signs.

* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus,
see Drayton's *Moon-calf*.

GLYCINE (*aside*).

Ha ! Bethlen coming this way !

[GLYCINE *then cries out as if afraid of being beaten.*

Oh, save me ! save me ! Pray don't kill me, Laska !

Enter BETHLEN in a Hunting Dress.

BETHLEN.

What, beat a woman !

LASKA (*to GLYCINE*).

O you cockatrice !

BETHLEN.

Unmanly dastard, hold !

LASKA (*pompously*).

Do you chance to know

Who—I—am, sir ?—('Sdeath ! how black he looks !)

BETHLEN.

I have started many strange beasts in my time,
But none less like a man than this before me
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

LASKA.

Bold youth ! she's mine.

GLYCINE.

No, not my master yet,
But only is to be ; and all, because
Two years ago my lady ask'd me, and
I promised her, not him ; and if she'll let me,
I'll hate you, my lord's steward.

BETHLEN.

Hush, Glycine !

GLYCINE.

Yes, I do, Bethlen ; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life :
Your life, and old Bathory's too.

BETHLEN.

Bathory's !

Where is my father ? Answer, or——Ha ! gone !

[LASKA *during this time retires from the Stage.**

GLYCINE.

Oh, heed not him ! I saw you pressing onward,
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is your life they seek !

BETHLEN.

My life ?

GLYCINE.

Alas,

Lady Sarolta even——

BETHLEN.

She does not know me !

GLYCINE.

Oh that she did ! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she
spurn me,
I will kneel, Bethlen——

* *slinks off the stage, using threatening gestures to Glycine.*

BETHLEN.

Not for me, Glycine !
What have I done ? or whom have I offended ?

GLYCINE.

Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.
[BETHLEN *mutters to himself indignantly.*

GLYCINE (*aside*).

So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god,
The shaft just flown that kill'd the serpent !

BETHLEN (*muttering aside*).

King !

GLYCINE.

Ah, often have I wish'd you were a king.
You would protect the helpless every where,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do ; nor have
The tears come in my eyes ; nor dream bad dreams
That you were kill'd in the forest ; and then Laska
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say
(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.

BETHLEN.

Pretty Glycine ! wert thou not betrothed—
But in good truth I know not what I speak.
This luckless morning I have been so haunted
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory ?

GLYCINE.

Hist ! 'tis my lady's step ! She must not see you !
[BETHLEN *retires.*

Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA and BATHORY.

SAROLTA.

Go, seek your son ! I need not add, be speedy—
You here, Glycine ? *[Exit BATHORY.*

GLYCINE.

Pardon, pardon, madam !
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harm'd.

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine !

GLYCINE.

No, I shall break my heart. *[Sobbing.*

SAROLTA *(taking her hand).*

Ha ! is it so ?

O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet !

GLYCINE.

Old Bathory—

SAROLTA.

Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

GLYCINE.

My lady does not mock me ?

SAROLTA.

Where is Laska ?

Has he not told thee ?

GLYCINE.

Nothing. In his fear—
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so flutter'd—
Left me abruptly—

SAROLTA.

His shame excuses him !
He is somewhat hardly task'd ; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.

GLYCINE.

The saints bless you !
Shame on my graceless heart ! How dared I fear
Lady Sarolta could be cruel ?

SAROLTA.

Come,
Be yourself, girl !

GLYCINE.

O, 'tis so full *here !* (*at her heart.*)
And now it cannot harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—

SAROLTA.

Is not that old man's son !
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.
For all I know of thee is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan : left when rage intestine
Shook and engulph'd the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same
earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by Nature,

Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself ! Be secret ! His true father—
Hear'st thou ?

GLYCINE (*eagerly*).

O tell—

BETHLEN (*who had overheard the last few words,
now rushes out*).

Yes, tell me, shape from heaven !
Who is my father ?

SAROLTA (*gazing with surprise*).

Thine ? thy father ? rise !

GLYCINE.

Alas ! he hath alarm'd you, my dear lady !

SAROLTA.

His countenance, not his act !

GLYCINE.

Rise, Bethlen ! rise !

BETHLEN.

No ; kneel thou too ! and with thy orphan's tongue
Plead for me ! I am rooted to the earth,
And have no power to rise ! Give me a father !
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven ! But I will overtake it,
And bring it back, and make it plead for me
In thine own heart ! Speak ! speak ! Restore to
me
A name in the world !

SAROLTA.

By that blest Heaven I gazed at,
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—but rise !

BETHLEN.

Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now ! Ye shine upon me !
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light I cannot see !

SAROLTA.

Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know !

BETHLEN.

Safe ? safe ? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right !

SAROLTA (*aside*).

That look again !—

The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it, Bethlen ?

BETHLEN.

Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guess'd not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror—

GLYCINE.

Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous—

SAROLTA (*with a smile*).

Moon-calves, credulous girl !

Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.

(*Then speaking again to BETHLEN.*)

After that last great battle, (O young man !
Thou wakest anew my life's sole anguish) that
Which fix'd Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe.
The robe that wrapp'd thee, was a widow's mantle.

BETHLEN.

An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.
O say—I fear to ask—

SAROLTA.

And I to tell thee.

BETHLEN.

Strike ! O strike quickly ! See, I do not shrink.
[Striking his breast.]
I am stone, cold stone.

SAROLTA.

Hid in a brake hard by,
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning

Seem'd to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strain'd towards the babe. At length one arm
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,
She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake : " If aught of this world's
comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth.
That at my life's risk I will save thy child !"
Her countenance work'd, as one that seem'd pre-
paring
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, " Fly ! save him ! hide—hide
all !"

BETHLEN.

And did he leave her ? What, had I a mother ?
And left her bleeding, dying ? Bought I vile life
With the desertion of a dying mother ?
Oh agony !

GLYCINE.

Alas ! thou art bewilder'd,
And dost forget thou wert a helpless infant !

BETHLEN.

What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish ?

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine !

It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct :
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,

And it will find a mirror in the waters
It now makes boil above it. Check him not !

BETHLEN.

O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness ! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds !
And I would seek her ! for she is not dead !
She cannot die ! O pardon, gracious lady !
You were about to say, that he return'd—

SAROLTA.

Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself !

BETHLEN.

And found her still—

SAROLTA.

Alas ! he did return,
He left no spot unsearch'd in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.

BETHLEN.

O whither ?

GLYCINE.

Dearest Bethlen !
I would that you could weep like me ! O do not
Gaze so upon the air !

SAROLTA (*continuing the story*).

While he was absent,

A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scour'd the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

BETHLEN.

Emerick !

Oh Hell !

GLYCINE (*to silence him*).

Bethlen !

BETHLEN.

Hist ! I'll curse him in a whisper !

This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head,
Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift
way

To that appointed place, which I must seek ;
Or else she were my mother !

SAROLTA.

Noble youth !

From me fear nothing ! Long time have I owed
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long past that weigh me down, though innocent !
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts, as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state !
Vain was his care ! Thou'st made thyself suspected
E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears ! Great Nature hath endow'd thee
With her best gifts ! From me thou shalt receive
All honourable aidance ! But haste hence !
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise
Beseems thy years ! Be thou henceforth my soldier !
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe

That in each noble deed, achieved or suffer'd,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth !
And may the light that streams from thine own
honour
Guide thee to that thou seekest !

GLYCINE.

Must he leave us ?

BETHLEN.

And for such goodness can I return nothing
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes ? some
sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to
stifling ?
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee ! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee !
And then, perchance, I might have power to un-
bosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious ;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talk'd to me ! But this tongue ne'er
soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name !
O, at how dear a price have I been loved
And no love could return ! One boon then, lady !

Where'er thou bidd'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest !

Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's
blood

Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for
blood ! *[Exit BETHLEN.*

SAROLTA.

Ah ! it was this I fear'd. To ward off this
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
Returning, hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.

GLYCINE.

Oh, let me fly
And stop him ! Mangled limbs do there lie scat-
ter'd
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard ! And there the plant
grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
Power to put on the fell hyæna's shape.

SAROLTA.

What idle tongue hath bewitch'd thee, Glycine ?
I hoped that thou hadst learnt a nobler faith.

GLYCINE.

O chide me not, dear lady ; question Laska,
Or the old man.

SAROLTA.

Forgive me, I spake harshly.
It is indeed a mighty sorcery
That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl.
And what hath Laska told thee ?

GLYCINE.

Three days past
A courier from the king did cross that wood ;
A wilful man, that arm'd himself on purpose :
And never hath been heard of from that time !
[Sound of horns without.]

SAROLTA.

Hark ! dost thou hear it ?

GLYCINE.

'Tis the sound of horns !
Our huntsmen are not out !

SAROLTA.

Lord Casimir
Would not come thus ! *[Horns again.]*

GLYCINE.

Still louder !

SAROLTA.

Haste we hence !
For I believe in part thy tale of terror !
But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transform'd :

Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[SAROLTA and GLYCINE *exeunt*. *Trumpets, &c. louder.* Enter EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, and *Huntsmen and Attendants*.

RUDOLPH.

A gallant chase, sire.

EMERICK.

Ay, but this new quarry
That we last started seems worth all the rest.

(*Then to LASKA.*)

And you—excuse me—what's your name?

LASKA.

Whatever

Your majesty may please.

EMERICK.

Nay, that's too late, man.
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee.

LASKA.

Laska, my liege sovereign.

EMERICK.

Well, my liege subject, Laska! and you are
Lord Casimir's steward?

LASKA.

And your majesty's creature.

EMERICK.

Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

LASKA.

My liege lord, the taller.
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's
froward—
Yet would your grace but speak—

EMERICK.

Hum, master steward!
I am honour'd with this sudden confidence.
Lead on. [To LASKA, then to RUDOLPH.

Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark you add
How much we grieve that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

RUDOLPH (*aside*).

Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

EMERICK.

Now onward all. [*Exeunt attendants.*
A fair one, by my faith!

If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had his reasons too.
"Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,
Made early in the convent—his word pledged—"
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.
Well! If the mountain move not to the prophet,

The prophet must to the mountain ! In this Laska
There's somewhat of the knave mix'd up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peer'd up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife ! Let him be deem'd the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game !

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE. — *A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA and KIUPRILI discovered: both, especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

KIUPRILI.

Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?

ZAPOLYA.

Nothing.

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is Heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?

KIUPRILI.

O for a sleep for sleep itself to rest in!
I dreamt I had met with food beneath a tree,
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net,
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it.
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hasten'd eagerly, again
I found my frame encumber'd : a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my
throat.

ZAPOLYA.

Alas ! 'twas lack of food : for hunger chokes !

KIUPRILI.

And now I saw you by a shrivell'd child
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touch'd you the ground, methought, but close
above it
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you pass'd me, turn'd your face and shriek'd.

ZAPOLYA.

I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense
craved
To hear the scream, which you but seem'd to utter.
For your whole face look'd like a mask of torture !
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivell'd with toil and penury !

KIUPRILI.

Nay ! what ails you ?

ZAPOLYA.

A wondrous faintness there comes stealing o'er
me.
Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes on-
ward,
Life's setting sun behind him ?

KIUPRILI.

Cheerly ! The dusk
Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me I'll bring thee food !

ZAPOLYA.

Hunger's tooth has
Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili ! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat ?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my
mouth !

But Heaven is just ! With tears I conquer'd thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with !
Hadst thou not done already—hadst thou not
Suffer'd—oh, more than e'er man feign'd of friend-
ship ?

KIUPRILI.

Yet be thou comforted ! What ! hadst thou faith
When I turn'd back incredulous ? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness ? Yet look up,
And think thou seest thy sainted lord commission'd
And on his way to aid us ! Whence those late
dreams,

Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither ? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene ? this very cavern ?
'Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Work'd in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke :—for misery cannot add
Grief to thy griefs, or patience to thy sufferance !

ZAPOLYA.

Cannot ! O, what if thou wert taken from me ?
Nay, thou said'st well : for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed ; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Hath made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night ;
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[GLYCINE *is heard singing without.*

KIUPRILI.

Hark ! heard you not

A distant chaunt ?

SONG

BY GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted ;
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !

He sank,* he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
Within that shaft of sunny mist ;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst !

* sunk—1817.

And thus he sang : “ Adieu ! adieu !
Love’s dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they
Make no delay ;
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.*
Sweet month of May,
We must away ;
Far, far away !
To-day ! to-day ! ”

ZAPOLYA.

Sure ’tis some blest spirit !
For since thou slew’st the usurper’s emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged. [*Song again.*]

KIUPRILI.

It is a maiden’s voice ! quick to the cave !

ZAPOLYA.

Hark ! her voice falters ! [*Exit ZAPOLYA.*]

KIUPRILI.

She must not enter
The cavern, else I will remain unseen !
[*KIUPRILI retires to one side of the stage.*]

GLYCINE *enters singing.*

GLYCINE (*fearfully*).

A savage place ! Saints shield me ! Bethlen ! Beth-
len !

* These three lines do not appear in the first edition.—ED.

Not here?—There's no one here ! I'll sing again !

[*Sings again.*

If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy

Voices in all chance sounds !

[*Starts.*

'Twas some dry branch

Dropt of itself ! Oh, he went forth so rashly,

Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-
spear !

What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,

Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest ?

KIUPRILI (*unseen*).

Leave them and flee !

GLYCINE (*shrieks, then recovering*).

Where are you ?

KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Leave them !

GLYCINE.

'Tis Glycine !

Speak to me, Bethlen ! speak in your own voice !

All silent !—If this were the war-wolf's den !

'Twas not his voice !—

[*GLYCINE leaves the provisions, and exit fearfully.*

KIUPRILI comes forward, seizes them, and carries them into the cavern. GLYCINE returns, having recovered herself.

GLYCINE.

Shame ! Nothing hurt me !

If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs

Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst
and hoarseness !

Speak, Bethlen ! or but moan. St—St—no
Bethlen !

If I turn back and he should be found dead here,
[*She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*

I should go mad !—Again !—'twas my own heart !

Hush, coward heart ! better beat loud with fear,

Than break with shame and anguish !

[*As she approaches to enter the cavern, KIUPRILI
stops her. GLYCINE shrieks.*

Saints protect me !

KIUPRILI.

Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

GLYCINE.

Save me !

KIUPRILI.

Swear secrecy and silence !

GLYCINE.

I swear !

KIUPRILI.

Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest ?

GLYCINE.

Only

A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

KIUPRILI.

Wherefore in this wood ?

GLYCINE.

Alas ! it was his purpose—

KIUPRILI.

With what intention came he ? Would'st thou save
him,
Hide nothing !

GLYCINE.

Save him ! O forgive his rashness !
He is good, and did not know that thou wert
human !

KIUPRILI (*repeats the word*).

Human ?

(*Then sternly.*)

With what design ?

GLYCINE.

To kill thee, or
If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,
To make disclosure of his parentage.
But most of all—

ZAPOLYA (*rushing out from the cavern*).

Heaven's blessing on thee ! speak !

GLYCINE.

Whether his mother live, or perish'd here !

ZAPOLYA.

Angel of mercy, I was perishing,
And thou didst bring me food : and now thou
bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famish'd heart ! His name, sweet
maiden !

GLYCINE.

E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
Bethlen Bathory !

ZAPOLYA.

Even till this morning ?
This morning ? when my weak faith fail'd me
wholly !
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse !
Say on !

GLYCINE.

The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—

ZAPOLYA.

Ha ! my son !

GLYCINE.

And of Lord Casimir—

KIUPRILI (*aside*).

O agony ! my son !

GLYCINE.

But my dear lady—

ZAPOLYA *and* KIUPRILI.

Who ?

GLYCINE.

Lady Sarolta
Frown'd and discharged these bad men.

KIUPRILI (*turning off, and to himself*).

Righteous Heaven

Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear :
And lo ! that son became my curse and infamy.

ZAPOLYA (*embraces GLYCINE*).

Sweet innocent ! and you came here to seek him,
And bring him food. Alas ! thou fear'st ?

GLYCINE.

Not much !

My own dear lady, when I was a child,
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless !

KIUPRILI (*to ZAPOLYA*).

O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy !
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogg'd our flight
With many a babe and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck.

(*Then to GLYCINE again.*)

Well ! Casimir's wife—

GLYCINE.

She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart o'erflow'd, and made discovery
That in this wood —

ZAPOLYA (*in agitation*).

O speak !

GLYCINE.

A wounded lady—

[ZAPOLYA *faints—they both support her.*

GLYCINE.

Is this his mother?

KIUPRILI.

She would fain believe it,
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards
itself

The flame with which it kindles.

[*Horn heard without.*

To the cavern!

Quick! quick!

GLYCINE.

Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

KIUPRILI.

Emerick?

GLYCINE.

He came this morning—

[*They retire to the cavern, bearing ZAPOLYA.**Then enter BETHLEN, armed with a boar-spear.*

BETHLEN.

I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!
Bathory! father! yes, thou deservest that name!
Thou didst not mock me! these are blessed
findings!

The secret cypher of my destiny

[*Looking at his signet.*

Stands here inscribed : it is the seal of fate !

[*Observing the cave.*

Ha !—Had ever monster fitting lair, 'tis yonder !

Thou yawning den, I well remember thee !

Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on !

Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,

To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine !

[*Blows the horn—then a pause.*

Another blast ! and with another swell

To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood !

If haply I have come, the rightful heir

Of vengeance : if in me survive the spirits

Of those, whose guiltless blood flow'd streaming

here !

[*Blows again louder.*

Still silent ! Is the monster gorged ? Heaven

shield me !

Thou, faithful spear ! be both my torch and guide.

[*As BETHLEN is about to enter, KIUPRILI speaks from the cavern unseen.*

KIUPRILI.

Withdraw thy foot ! Retract thine idle spear,

And wait obedient !

BETHLEN (*in amazement*).

Ha ! What art thou ? speak !

KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Avengers !

BETHLEN.

By a dying mother's pangs

E'en such am I. Receive me !

KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Wait ! beware !

At thy first step, thou tread'st upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness !

BETHLEN.

Ha ! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed !—
Oh, fool ! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—

Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year, that press'd upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God,
Then, as if touch'd by fire from Heaven descending,
Blazed up within me at a father's name—
Do they desert me now?—at my last trial ?
Voice of command ! and thou, O hidden Light !
I have obey'd ! Declare ye by what name
I dare invoke you ! Tell what sacrifice
Will make you gracious.

KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Patience ! Truth ! Obedience !

Be thy whole soul transparent ! so the Light,
Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee !
Thy name ?

BETHLEN.

Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest,
To him, perchance, rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
In chase or battle won, have given a name.
I have none—but like a dog have answered
To the chance sound which he that fed me, call'd me.

KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Thy birth-place?

BETHLEN.

Deluding spirits ! do ye mock me ?
Question the Night ! bid Darkness tell its birth-
place !

Yet hear ! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I survey'd my cradle !
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
And in it the wolf litters !—I invoke you,
Tell me, ye secret ones ! if ye beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved
For hidden gold, hath found a talisman,
O tell ! what rights, what offices of duty
This signet doth command ? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its Lord ?

KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

More, guiltier, mightier,
Than thou may'st summon ! Wait the destined
hour !

BETHLEN.

O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye ! Mock me no more with shadows !
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice ! did this
Enwrap one fatherless !

ZAPOLYA (*unseen*).

One fatherless !

BETHLEN (*starting*).

A sweeter voice !—A voice of love and pity !

Was it the soften'd echo of mine own ?
Sad echo ! but the hope it kill'd was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourn'd as dead !
One other hope yet lives within my soul :
Quick let me ask !—while yet this stifling fear,
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance !—Are—
are these
The sole remains of her that gave me life ?
Have I a mother ?

[ZAPOLYA *rushes out to embrace him.*

BETHLEN *starts.*

Ha !

ZAPOLYA (*embracing him*).

My son ! my son !

A wretched—Oh no, no ! a blest—a happy mother !

[*They embrace. KIUPRILI and GLYCINE
come forward, and the curtain drops.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A stately room in LORD CASIMIR'S castle.*

Enter EMERICK and LASKA.

EMERICK.

I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

LASKA.

In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that I of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,
Dishonouring Casimir?

LASKA.

Far be it from me !
Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with
them.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou hast heard that Casimir is my
friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought
A parent's blessing ; braved a father's curse ?

LASKA (*aside*).

Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant !
Oh yes, Sire ! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

EMERICK.

'Tis your talk,
Is it, good statesman Laska ?

LASKA.

No, not mine,
Not mine, an please your Majesty ! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

EMERICK.

Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors ! But art sure the youth's devour'd ?

LASKA.

Not a limb left, an please your Majesty !
And that unhappy girl—

EMERICK.

Thou followed'st her
Into the wood ? [LASKA *bows assent*.
Henceforth then I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

LASKA.

Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil,
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—

EMERICK.

Made thee shake like a leaf !

LASKA.

The war-wolf leapt ; at the first plunge he seized
her ;

Forward I rush'd !

EMERICK.

Most marvellous !

LASKA.

Hurl'd my javelin ;

Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

EMERICK.

Enough !

And take, friend, this advice. When next thou
tonguest it,

Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouch'd your common talk aforesaid,
What your Lord did, or should have done.

LASKA.

My talk ?

The saints forbid ! I always said, for my part,
“ Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend ?
Was not that friend a king ? Whate'er he did
’Twas all from pure love to his Majesty.”

EMERICK.

And this then was thy talk ? While knave and
coward,

Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.

Babbler ! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion,
All these were set upon a father's head :
Good truth ! a most unlucky accident !
For he but wish'd to hit the prize ; not graze
The head that bore it : so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends him no dishonour.
He wink'd not then, for love of me forsooth !
For love of me now let him wink ! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.
[*Passing his hand across his brow.*]

LASKA.

Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

EMERICK (*with a slight start, as one who had
been talking aloud to himself: then
with scorn*).

Thee !

'Tis well ! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key ?

[*LASKA bows.*]

And in your lady's chamber there's full space ?

LASKA.

Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

EMERICK.

Here ! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,
If thou provest faithful. But if thou betray'st me,

Hark you !—the wolf that shall drag thee to his den
Shall be no fiction.

[*Exit* EMERICK. LASKA *manet with a key
in one hand, and a purse in the other.*

LASKA.

Well then ! Here I stand,
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.

Call this Preferment ; this Fidelity !

[*Looking at the purse—holding up the key.*

And first my golden goddess : what bids she ?

Only :—“ This way, your Majesty ! hush ! The
household

Are all safe lodged.”—Then, put Fidelity

Within her proper wards, just turn her round—

So—the door opens—and for all the rest,

’Tis the king’s deed, not Laska’s. Do but this

And—“ I’m the mere earnest of your future for-
tune.”

But what says the other ?—Whisper on ! I hear
you ! [*Putting the key to his ear.*

All very true !—but, good Fidelity !

If I refuse King Emerick, will you promise,

And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,

And save me from the hangman ? Ay ! you’re
silent !

What, not a word in answer ? A clear nonsuit !

Now for one look to see that all are lodged

At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road

For Laska and his royal friend, King Emerick !

[*Exit* LASKA. *Then enter* BATHORY and
BETHLEN.

BETHLEN.

He look'd as if he were some God disguised
In an old warrior's venerable shape
To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
Chapel or oratory in this mansion ?

BATHORY.

Even so.

BETHLEN.

From that place then am I to take
A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

BATHORY.

Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd me—
With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures !

BETHLEN.

O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
To break the first command a mother's will
Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me !
“ Ask not, my son,” said she, “ our names or thine.
The shadow of the eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny ! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it ! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven : and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence ! ”
Thus spake she, and she look'd as she were then
Fresh from some heavenly vision !

Re-enter LASKA, not perceiving them.

LASKA.

All asleep !

[*Then observing BETHLEN, stands in idiot-affright.*
I must speak to it first—Put—put the question !
I'll confess all ! [*Stammering with fear.*

BATHORY.

Laska ! what ails thee, man ?

LASKA (*pointing to BETHLEN*).

There !

BATHORY.

I see nothing ! where ?

LASKA.

He does not see it !

Bethlen, torment me not !

BETHLEN.

Soft ! rouse him gently !

He hath outwatch'd his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

BATHORY.

Ho ! Laska ! don't you know us ! 'tis Bathory
And Bethlen !

LASKA (*recovering himself*).

Good now ! Ha ! ha ! An excellent trick.
Afraid ? Nay, no offence ! But I must laugh.
But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself ?

BETHLEN (*holding up his hand as if to
strike him*).

Would'st be convinced ?

LASKA.

No nearer, pray ! consider !
If it should prove his ghost, the touch would
freeze me
To a tombstone. No nearer !

BETHLEN.

The fool is drunk !

LASKA (*still more recovering*).

Well now ! I love a brave man to my heart.
I myself braved the monster, and would fain
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.

BATHORY.

You, Laska ?

BETHLEN (*to BATHORY*).

Mark ! Heaven grant it may be so !
Glycine ?

LASKA.

She ! I traced her by the voice.
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard
'The close of a song : the poor wretch had been
singing :
As if she wish'd to compliment the war-wolf
At once with music and a meal !

BETHLEN (*to BATHORY*).

Mark that !

LASKA.

At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, " Bethlen ! O poor
Bethlen ! "

I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarm'd her.
She stopp'd, then mad with fear, turn'd round and
ran

Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—

BETHLEN.

Stop there !

We'll spare your modesty ! Who dares not honour
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy ?

LASKA.

You too, sir knight, have come back safe and
sound !

You play'd the hero at a cautious distance !
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach ? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite !

BATHORY.

Laska, beware ! Forget not what thou art !
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thy-
self !

And ache all over at the dangerous fancy !

LASKA.

What then ! you swell upon my lady's favour,
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth !
But other judges now sit on the bench !
And haply Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both son and father

Still higher ; to a height from which indeed
You both may drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
'Tis possible too, young man ! that royal Emerick,
At Laska's rightful suit, may make inquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

BETHLEN.

Soft ! my good Laska ! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate ?

LASKA.

'Tis well ! it shall content me ! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lower'd tones.

(Then very pompously.)

First we demand the manner of her death ?

BETHLEN.

Nay ! that's superfluous ! Have you not just told
us

That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,
Witness'd the whole ? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valour strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her !

LASKA.

Glycine ?

BETHLEN.

Nay ! dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie ? It must have been
Her spirit that appear'd to me. But haply

I come too late ? It has itself deliver'd
Its own commission to you ?

BATHORY.

'Tis most likely !
And the ghost doubtless vanish'd when we enter'd,
And found brave Laska staring wide—at nothing !

LASKA.

'Tis well ! you've ready wits ! I shall report them,
With all due honour, to his majesty !
Treasure them up, I pray ! A certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions !
'Tis but a hint ! And now what says the ghost ?

BETHLEN.

Listen ! for thus it spake : “ Say thou to Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engross'd
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st
caused her,
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel ”—thus. [*Beats him off.*
Off ! scoundrel ! off !
[*LASKA runs away.*

BATHORY.

The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm : the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er
us.

BETHLEN.

E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory?

BATHORY.

Ascend yon flight of stairs !
Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low arch'd oratory !
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate :
For a petard might burst the bars unheard
By the drench'd porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message !

BETHLEN.

There I will meet you ! And till then good night !
Dear good old man, good night !

BATHORY.

O yet one moment !
What I repell'd, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father !
It cannot now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen !—say—father to me !

BETHLEN.

Now, and for ever
My father ! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have !
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father !

BATHORY.

Go! go! [BETHLEN *breaks off and exit.* BATH-
ORY *looks affectionately after him.*

May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him!
[*Exit* BATHORY.

SCENE II.

SCENE *changes to a splendid Bedchamber, hung with
tapestry.* SAROLTA *in an elegant night-dress, and
an Attendant.*

ATTENDANT.

We all did love her, madam!

SAROLTA.

She deserved it!

Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!

'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.

ATTENDANT.

She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.

SAROLTA.

Has the youth's father come back from his search?

ATTENDANT.

He never will, I fear me. O dear lady!

That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—

It was quite cruel—"You'll be sure," said he,
"To meet with part at least of your son Bethlen,
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion !
Go ! search the wood by all means ! go ! I pray
you !"

SAROLTA.

Inhuman wretch !

ATTENDANT.

And Old Bathory answer'd
With a sad smile, "It is a witch's prayer,
And may Heaven read it backwards." Though
she was rash,
'Twas a small fault for such a punishment !

SAROLTA.

Nay ! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed ! but leave me, my good girl !
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.

[*Exit Attendant.*

O they were innocent, and yet have perish'd
In their May of life ; and Vice grows old in
triumph.

Is it Mercy's hand that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate ?——

Still passing thence petitionary Hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance ?
Or would this chilness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punish'd,
Save by increase of guilt ? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation !—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant

Disease, and agony, and comfortless want !
O send us forth to wander on, unshelter'd !
Make our food bitter with despised tears !
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass !
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread !
With all the heaviest worldly visitations
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wrong'd Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
Only, O merciful in vengeance ! let not
That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul !
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him
To his own heart ! O save him ! save my husband !

*[During the latter part of this speech EMERICK
comes forward from his hiding-place. SAROLTA
seeing him, without recognizing him.]*

In such a shape a father's curse should come.

EMERICK (*advancing*).

Fear not !

SAROLTA.

Who art thou ? robber ? traitor ?

EMERICK.

Friend !

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
Joy, love and beauty, from their natural thrones :
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

SAROLTA.

Strengthen me, Heaven ! I must not seem afraid !
[*Aside.*
The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.
What seeks your Majesty ?

EMERICK.

Sarolta's love ;
And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

SAROLTA.

Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such de-
basement !
Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
On the base villain,* on the faithless slave
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements !
For whom ? Has Casimir deserved this insult ?
O my misgiving heart ! If—if—from Heaven,
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick !

EMERICK.

Chiefly from me.
Has he not like an ingrate robb'd my court
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness ?
First then on him I will administer justice—
If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture.

[*Seizes her.*

SAROLTA.

Help ! Treason ! help !

* On the base ingrate—1817.

EMERICK.

Call louder ! scream again !
Here's none can hear you !

SAROLTA.

Hear me, hear me, Heaven !

EMERICK.

Nay, why this rage ? Who best deserves you ?

Casimir,

Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave
That mews you up with bolts and bars ? or Em-
erick

Who proffers you a throne ? Nay, mine you shall
be.

Hence with this fond resistance ! Yield ; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen !

SAROLTA.

Yet, yet for one brief moment [*struggling.*
Unhand me, I conjure you.

[*She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.*

EMERICK follows, and as she takes a dagger,
he grasps it in her hand.

EMERICK.

Ha ! ha ! a dagger ;

A seemly ornament for a lady's casket !

'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,

But yours is tragic ! Love in war ! It charms me,
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces !

[*During this speech BETHLEN enters armed.*

BETHLEN.

Ruffian, forbear ! Turn, turn and front my sword !

EMERICK.

Pish ! who is this ?

SAROLTA.

O sleepless eye of Heaven !
A blest, a blessed spirit ! Whence camest thou ?
May I still call thee Bethlen ?

BETHLEN.

Ever, lady,
Your faithful soldier !

EMERICK.

Insolent slave ! depart !
Know'st thou not me ?

BETHLEN.

I know thou art a villain
And coward ! that thy devilish purpose marks
thee !
What else, this lady must instruct my sword !

SAROLTA.

Monster, retire ! O touch him not, thou blest one !
This is the hour that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list !
Yon devil hath assumed a king's !

BETHLEN.

Usurp'd it !

EMERICK.

The king will play the devil with thee indeed !

But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate
At this thy paramour's feet ; then drag her forth
Stain'd with adulterous blood, and—

(*Then to SAROLTA.*)

—mark you, traitress !

Strumpeted first, then turn'd adrift to beggary !
Thou pray'd'st for't too.

SAROLTA.

Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats !

BETHLEN.

Lady, be calm ! fear not this king of the buskin !
A king ? Oh laughter ! A king Bajazet !
That from some vagrant actor's tiring-room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown !

EMERICK.

Ah ! treason !

Thou hast been lesson'd and trick'd up for this !
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel !

[*EMERICK points his hand haughtily towards
BETHLEN, who, catching a sight of the signet,
seizes his hand, and eagerly observes the signet,
then flings the hand back with indignant joy.*

BETHLEN.

It must be so ! 'Tis e'en the counterpart !

But with a foul usurping cypher on it !
The light hath flash'd from Heaven, and I must
follow it !

O cursed usurper ! O thou brother-murderer !
That madest a star-bright queen a fugitive widow !
Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself
All curses in one tyrant ! see and tremble !
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee !
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark ! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound ! I defy thee.

*[They fight, and just as EMERICK is disarmed, in
rush CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, and Attendants.
CASIMIR runs in between the combatants, and
parts them ; in the struggle BETHLEN'S sword
is thrown down.]*

CASIMIR.

The king ! disarm'd too by a stranger ! Speak !
What may this mean ?

EMERICK.

Deceived, dishonour'd lord !
Ask thou yon fair adulteress ! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign !
Thou art present now, and a friend's duty ceases :
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of half thy vengeance I perforce must rob thee,
For that the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[Then to the Attendants.]

Hence with him to the dungeon ! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—Hark ! your heads or his !

BETHLEN.

Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice ?

EMERICK.

Who speaks to him dies ! The traitor that has
menaced

His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word !

CASIMIR (*to BATHORY*).

Hence with him to the dungeon !

[*Exit BETHLEN, hurried off by BATHORY and Attendants.*

EMERICK.

We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest :
Thou (*to CASIMIR*) wilt attend us : and wilt then
explain

This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit EMERICK ; Manent CASIMIR and SAROLTA.*

SAROLTA.

My lord ! my husband ! look whose sword lies
yonder !

[*Pointing to the sword which BETHLEN had been
disarmed of by the Attendants.*

It is Kiuprili's, Casimir ; 'tis thy father's !
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that
Tarquin.

CASIMIR.

Hush ! hush !

[*In an under voice.*

I had detected ere I left the city

The tyrant's cursed intent. Lewd, damned ingrate !

For him did I bring down a father's curse !

Swift, swift must be our means ! To-morrow's sun

Sets on his fate or mine ! O blest Sarolta !

[*Embracing her.*

No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,

But that thy spotless virtues may prevail

O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse !

[*Exeunt consulting.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A glade in a wood.**Enter CASIMIR looking anxiously around.*

CASIMIR.

This needs must be the spot ! O, here he comes !

Enter Lord RUDOLPH.

Well met, Lord Rudolph !—

Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,

And I dare trust—

RUDOLPH.

Enough ! the time is precious !

You left Temeswar late on yester-eve ?

And sojourn'd there some hours ?

CASIMIR.

I did so !

RUDOLPH.

Heard you

Aught of a hunt preparing ?

CASIMIR.

Yes ; and met

The assembled huntsmen !

RUDOLPH.

Was there no word given ?

CASIMIR.

The word for me was this :— *The royal Leopard
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.*

RUDOLPH.

Your answer ?

CASIMIR.

As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen !

LORD RUDOLPH.

The event redeem'd their pledge ?

CASIMIR.

It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship !
[They take hands.]

RUDOLPH.

But Emerick ! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards ?

CASIMIR.

O, he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dis-
miss'd me.

RUDOLPH.

I enter'd as the door was closing on you :
His eye was fix'd, yet seem'd to follow you
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,

As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you first.
But hush ! draw back !

CASIMIR.

This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.

RUDOLPH.

There ! mark them !
[*Points to where LASKA and PESTALUTZ cross
the Stage.*]

CASIMIR.

Laska !

RUDOLPH.

One of the two I recognised this morning ;
His name is Pestalutz : a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,
Dispart you from your servants.

CASIMIR (*aside*).

I deserve it.

The comrade of that ruffian is my servant :
The one I trusted most and most preferr'd.
But we must part. What makes the king so late ?
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

RUDOLPH.

And his main policy too.
To enthrall the sluggard nature in ourselves
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
To enthrall the world : for the will governs all.

See, the sky lowers ! the cross-winds waywardly
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt !

CASIMIR.

Mark yonder mass ! I make it wear the shape
Of a huge ram that butts with head depress'd.

RUDOLPH (*smiling*).

Belike, some stray sheep of the oozy flock,
Which, if bards lie not, the sea-shepherds tend,
Glaucus or Proteus. But my fancy shapes it
A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.*

CASIMIR.

Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—
Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,
On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand
Pluck'd at the ringlets of the vaporous fleece.†
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
And elemental war !

[*A single trumpet heard at some distance.*]

RUDOLPH.

That single blast
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser

* The two preceding speeches are not in the original edition.

† Mark too the edges of yon lurid mass !
Restless and vext, as if some angering hand
With fitful, tetchy snatch, unroll'd and pluck'd
The jetting ringlets of the vaporous fleece !—1817.

Neighs at the gate ! [*A volley of trumpets.*
Hark ! now the king comes forth !
For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship !
I must away ! my absence may be noticed.

CASIMIR.

Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt
Hard by the forest-skirts : and ere high noon
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili !

[*Exit RUDOLPH and manet CASIMIR.*

The traitor, Laska !—

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warn'd me.
Whence learn'd she this ?—O she was innocent !
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom !
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.

O surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir !
O fool ! O parricide ! through yon wood didst
thou,

With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,
 A widow and an orphan. Darest thou then,
 (Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
 The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
 Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!
 And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
 Unstain'd with selfish fears, be his atonement!
 O strengthen him to nobler compensation
 In the deliverance of his bleeding country!
[Exit CASIMIR.]

SCENE II.

*Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern, as in
 Act II.*

ZAPOLYA and GLYCINE discovered.

ZAPOLYA.

Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
 Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
 Having enjoy'd thy commune, loneliness,
 That but oppress'd me hitherto, now scares* [me.
 You will ken Bethlen?

* Here, in the hitherto received text the speech of Zapolya ends, and Glycine replies:—

“I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance.”

The four lines that follow are now first printed. These corrections and additions, in the well-known handwriting of the Poet, are scored in ink between the printed lines and in the margin of a copy of the original edition of *Zapolya*, now in the possession of the Publisher of these volumes.—
 ED.

GLYCINE.

O at farthest distance,
Yea, oft where Light's own courier-beam exhausted
Drops at the threshold, and forgets its message,
A something round me of a wider reach
Feels his approach, and trembles back to tell me.]
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you. *Exit GLYCINE.*

Enter BATHORY, speaking as he enters.

BATHORY.

Who hears? A friend!
A messenger from him who bears the signet!
[ZAPOLYA, *who had been gazing affectionately
after GLYCINE, starts at BATHORY'S voice.*

ZAPOLYA.

He hath the watch-word!—Art thou not Bathory?

BATHORY.

O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[BATHORY *kneels.*

ZAPOLYA.

Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honour'd head? When thou last saw'st
me

I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

BATHORY.

O he was born to honour ! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

ZAPOLYA.

Lady Sarolta, mean'st thou ?

BATHORY.

She is safe.

The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turn'd, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady !
Your son——

ZAPOLYA.

Hark ! is it he ?

BATHORY.

I hear a voice

Too hoarse for Bethlen's ! 'Twas his scheme and
hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest,
To have led you hence.—Retire.

ZAPOLYA.

O life of terrors !

BATHORY.

In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground
That even this old arm—

[*Exeunt ZAPOLYA and BATHORY into the Cave.*

Enter LASKA and PESTALUTZ.

LASKA.

Not a step further !

PESTALUTZ.

Dastard ! was this your promise to the king ?

LASKA.

I have fulfill'd his orders—have walk'd with you
As with a friend—have pointed out Lord Casimir—
And now I leave you to take care of him ;
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

PESTALUTZ (*affecting to start*).

Be on your guard, man !

LASKA (*in affright*).

Ha ! what now ?

PESTALUTZ.

Behind you !

'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinn'd and threaten'd you

For your most impudent hope to cheat his master !

LASKA.

Pshaw ! What you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you ?

PESTALUTZ.

Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart ?

LASKA (*pompously*).

Friend ! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine !

PESTALUTZ (*with a sneer*).

What ! the girl
Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces ?

LASKA (*throwing down a bow and arrows*).
Well ! take my arms !* Hark ! should your javelin
fail you,
These points are tipt with venom.

[*Starts and sees GLYCINE without.*

By Heaven ! Glycine !
Now as you love the king, help me to seize her !
[*They run out after GLYCINE, and she shrieks
without. Then enter BATHORY from the
cavern.*

BATHORY.

Rest, lady, rest ! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning ! Which way
went they ?
The shriek came thence.

[*Clash of swords and BETHLEN'S voice heard
from behind the scenes ; GLYCINE enters
alarmed ; then, as seeing LASKA'S bow
and arrows.*

GLYCINE.

Ha ! weapons here ? Then Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee !

[*She seizes them and rushes out, BATHORY
following her. Lively and irregular music,
and peasants with hunting spears cross the
stage, singing chorally.*

* There's my arms !—1817.

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up ! ye dames, ye lasses gay !
 To the meadows trip away.
 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
 And scare the small birds from the corn.
 Not a soul at home may stay :
 For the shepherds must go
 With lance and bow
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
 To the cricket and the mouse :
 Find grannam out a sunny seat,
 With babe and lambkin at her feet.
 Not a soul at home may stay :
 For the shepherds must go
 With lance and bow
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

[*Exeunt Huntsmen.*

*Re-enter, as the huntsmen pass off, BATHORY,
 BETHLEN, and GLYCINE.*

GLYCINE (*leaning on BETHLEN*).

And now once more a woman——

BETHLEN.

Was it then

That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
 That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged
 me ?

BATHORY (*to BETHLEN exultingly*).

'Twas as a vision blazon'd on a cloud

By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death ! I saw the traitor, Laska,
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade ;
The point was at your back, when her shaft reach'd
him.

The coward turn'd, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

ZAPOLYA.

Bethlen ! my child ! and safe too !

BETHLEN.

Mother ! Queen !

Royal Zapolya ! name me Andreas !
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm minister of his justice.
So do the Gods who launch the thunderbolt !

ZAPOLYA.

O Raab Kiuprili ! friend ! protector ! guide !
In vain we trench'd the altar round with waters,
A flash from Heaven hath touch'd the hidden in-
cense—

BETHLEN (*hastily*).

And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili !

ZAPOLYA.

It was Raab Kiuprili ;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

BATHORY.

Hail Andreas ! hail my king ! [*Triumphantly.*

ANDREAS.

Stop, thou revered one,
Lest we offend the jealous Destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

GLYCINE.

Accept thine handmaid's service ! [Kneeling.

ZAPOLYA.

Raise her, son !
O raise her to thine arms ! she saved thy life,
And, through her love for thee, she saved thy
mother's !

Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began !

ANDREAS.

Dear maid ! more dear thou canst not be ! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence :
For as I reach'd the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

GLYCINE.

Hark ! sure the hunt approaches.
[Horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.

ZAPOLYA.

O Kiuprili !

BATHORY.

The demon-hunters of the middle air

Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
The guilty ! Hark ! now here, now there, a horn
Swells singly with irregular blast ! the tempest
Has scatter'd them !

[Horns heard from different places at a distance.]

ZAPOLYA.

O Heavens ! where stays Kiuprili ?

BATHORY.

The wood will be surrounded ! leave me here.

ANDREAS.

My mother ! let me see thee once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed,
To seek the hero !

BATHORY.

Haste ! my life upon it
I'll guide him safe. *[Thunder again.]*

ANDREAS.

Ha ! what a crash was there !
Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal
[Pointing without to the body of PESTALUTZ.]
Than yon vile subaltern.

ZAPOLYA.

Your behest, high Powers,
Lo, I obey ! To the appointed spirit,
That hath so long kept watch round this drear
cavern,
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee !

[Exeunt ZAPOLYA, ANDREAS, and GLYCINE.]

ANDREAS having in haste dropt his sword.

Manet BATHORY.

BATHORY.

Yon bleeding corse may work us mischief still :

[*Pointing to PESTALUTZ's body.*

Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its
armour,

I'll drag it hither.

[*Exit BATHORY.*

*After awhile several Hunters cross the Stage,
as scattered. Some time after, enter KIU-
PRILI, in his disguise, fainting with fatigue
and as pursued.*

KIUPRILI (*throwing off his disguise*).

Since Heaven alone can save me, Heaven alone
Shall be my trust.

(*Then speaking as to ZAPOLYA in the cavern.*)

Haste ! haste ! Zapolya, flee !

[*He enters the cavern, and then returns in alarm.*

Gone ! seized perhaps ? Oh no, let me not perish
Despairing of Heaven's justice ! Faint, disarm'd,
Each sinew powerless ; senseless rock, sustain me !
Thou art parcel of my native land.

[*Then observing the sword.*

A sword !

Ha ! and my sword ! Zapolya hath escaped,

The murderers are baffled, and there lives

An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall !—

There was a time, when this dear sword did flash

As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arm—

I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant !

And bring with thee my shame and bitter* anguish,

* bitterer—1817.

To end his work and thine ! Kiuprili now
Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, with the dead body of
PESTALUTZ.

BATHORY.

Poor tool and victim of another's guilt !
Thou follow'st heavily : a reluctant weight !
Good truth, it is an undeserved honour
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.

[*Then observing* KIUPRILI.

'Tis he !—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form ! Thou need'st not speak,
For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili !

KIUPRILI.

And are they safe ? [Noise without.

BATHORY.

Conceal yourself, my lord !
I will mislead them !

KIUPRILI.

Is Zapolya safe ?

BATHORY.

I doubt it not ; but haste, haste, I conjure you !

[*As he retires, in rushes* CASIMIR.

CASIMIR (*entering*).

Monster !

Thou shalt not now escape me !

BATHORY.

Stop, lord Casimir !

It is no monster.

CASIMIR.

Art thou too a traitor?

Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?
Say where is he that, trick'd in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is the assassin?

BATHORY.

There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword
[*Pointing to the body of PESTALUTZ.*
That was descending on his cursed employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

CASIMIR.

Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?
[BATHORY *points to the cavern, whence KIUPRILI advances.*

Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!
Would thy hand point me?

BATHORY.

Casimir, to thy father.

CASIMIR (*discovering KIUPRILI*).

The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,
Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!

BATHORY.

Speak, speak, my lord! [To KIUPRILI.

KIUPRILI (*holds out the sword to BATHORY*).

Bid him fulfil his work!

CASIMIR.

Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread
spirit !

O for sweet mercy take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair !

BATHORY.

He lives !

CASIMIR.

Lives ? A father's curse can never die !

KIUPRILI.

O Casimir ! Casimir ! *[In a tone of pity.]*

BATHORY.

Look ! he doth forgive you !
Hark : 'tis the tyrant's voice.

[EMERICK'S voice without.]

CASIMIR.

I kneel, I kneel !

Retract thy curse ! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child !
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father !

KIUPRILI.

Son, I forgive thee ! Take thy father's sword ;
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee !

*[KIUPRILI and CASIMIR embrace ; they all
retire to the Cavern supporting KIUPRILI.]*

CASIMIR *as by accident drops his robe, and*
BATHORY *throws it over the body of*
PESTALUTZ.

Enter EMERICK.

EMERICK.

Fools ! cowards ! follow—or by Hell I'll make you
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
As gods or wood-nymphs !—

[*Then sees the body of* PESTALUTZ, *covered*
with CASIMIR'S *cloak.*

Ha ! 'tis done then !

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears !
Well !—ay, well !—
And is it not well ? For though grafted on us,
And fill'd too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurk'd in its fibres :
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him :
The old enemy look'd at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

[*As* EMERICK *moves towards the body, enter*
from the cavern CASIMIR *and* BATHORY.

BATHORY (*pointing to where the noise is,*
and aside to CASIMIR).

This way they come !

CASIMIR (*aside to* BATHORY).

Hold them in check awhile,
The path is narrow ! Rudolph will assist thee.

EMERICK (*aside, not perceiving CASIMIR and BATHORY and looking at the dead body*).

And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis !

[*Uncovers the face and starts.*

Hell ! 'tis Pestalutz !

CASIMIR (*coming forward*).

Yes, thou ingrate Emerick !

'Tis Pestalutz ! 'tis thy trusty murderer !

To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword !

EMERICK.

Curses on it and thee ! Think'st thou that petty
omen

Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny ?

Ho ! Treason ! treason !

CASIMIR.

Then have at thee, tyrant !

[*They fight.* EMERICK *falls.*

EMERICK.

Betray'd and baffled by mine own tool !——Oh !

[*Dies.*

CASIMIR (*triumphantly*).

Hear, hear, my father !

Thou should'st have witness'd thine own deed. O
father,

Wake from that envious swoon ! The tyrant's
fall'n ;

Thy sword hath conquer'd ! As I lifted it

Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me,
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
And lighted on the tyrant !

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, *and Attendants.*

RUDOLPH *and* BATHORY.

Friends ! friends to Casimir.

CASIMIR.

Rejoice, Illyrians ! the usurper's fall'n.

RUDOLPH.

So perish tyrants ! so end usurpation !

CASIMIR.

Bear hence the body, and move slowly on !

One moment——

Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,

I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen

With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven——

A tyrant fall'n, a patriot chief restored !

*[Exeunt : CASIMIR into the Cavern ; the rest
on the opposite side.]*

SCENE III.

*Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in CASIMIR'S
Castle. Confederates discovered.*

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

It cannot but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted

With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event !

Enter another Confederate.

What tidings from Temeswar ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant ;
He is proclaim'd the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

Just doom for him who governs without law !
Is it known on whom the sovereignty will fall ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

Nothing is yet decided : but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father—

Enter SAROLTA.

Hail to Sarolta !

SAROLTA.

Confederate friends ! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause ! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile hath return'd
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose ; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him,
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili ;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

[*Shouts of “ Kiuprili ! Kiuprili ! ” and “ The Ty-*

rant's fallen," *without*. Then enter KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and *Attendants*, after the clamour has subsided.

KIUPRILI.

Spare yet your joy, my friends! a higher waits
you :

Behold your Queen !

*Enter from opposite side ZAPOLYA and ANDREAS
royally attired, with GLYCINE.*

CONFEDERATE.

Comes she from heaven to bless us ?

OTHER CONFEDERATES.

It is ! it is !

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven's work of grace is full !

Kiuprili, thou art safe !

KIUPRILI.

Royal Zapolya !

To the heavenly Powers pay we our duty first ;
Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee
And for our country, the one precious branch
Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,
Behold your King ! And thank our country's
genius,

That the same means which have preserved our
sovereign,

Have likewise rear'd him worthier of the throne
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs
Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man

(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians),
We haste to lay before the assembled Council.

ALL.

Hail, Andreas ! Hail, Illyria's rightful king !

ANDREAS.

Supported thus, O friends ! 'twere cowardice
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink
From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait
The awful sanction of convened Illyria,
In this brief while, O let me feel myself
The child, the friend, the debtor !—Heroic mother !—

But what can breath add to that sacred name ?
Kiuprili ! gift of Providence, to teach us
That loyalty is but the public form
Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth
Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm :
Thou my support and I thy faithful fruitage.
My heart is full, and these poor words express not,
They are but an art to check its overswelling.
Bathory ! shrink not from my filial arms !
Now, and from henceforth thou shalt not forbid me
To call thee father ! And dare I forget
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,
Lady Sarolta ? Still acknowledge me
Thy faithful soldier !—But what invocation
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine ?
Thou sword that leap'st forth from a bed of roses,—
Thou falcon-hearted dove ?

ZAPOLYA.

Hear that from me, son !
For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's !

CASIMIR.

Chef Ragozzi !
O shame upon my head ! I would have given her
To a base slave !

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel (*pointing to SAROLTA*) to thy
house to guard her !
Thou precious bark ! freighted with all our trea-
sures ! [*to ANDREAS.*
The sport of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee !
(*Pointing to GLYCINE*). Take her, son !
A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give !

SAROLTA.

A banquet waits !—

On this auspicious day, for some few hours
I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all !
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free ;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country, but who love their home ;

For Freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fireside :
While mad Ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness !

END OF VOL. IV.

